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Young Jack Harkaway in Spain



"Bravo, viva!" shouted the crowd, as they saw Jack safe on the ground, sword in hand, place himself between the bull and the flying man. The monster paused a moment on seeing his new foe.

YOUNG HARKAWAY IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE VICTIM'S RETURN—BULL RUNNING—THE ORPHAN IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

HARRY GIRDWOOD was now radiant with smiles.

"What did I tell you, Harry?" said the successful combatant.

"An illigant fight," said the diver, "but the fun was precious soon over."

"Come home with us," said Jack. "You're going down to the wreck this morning?"

"Yes, sor."

"I can give you a job."

"Can you, though? Ye're good at giving jobs, yer honor, axing yer pardon. Ye've give that mossos don a job in the stummick that'll want a deal of mending."

"Well, the beast deserved it, but now let us come to breakfast," said Harry.

"I've not done a bad morning's work either," said the military waiter. "I did well to make my bargain last night."

"You did," said Jack, "and I'll treble the tip, my boy, for you're an honest fellow, and a true Englishman. And now for breakfast."

Need we say that being blest with healthy English appetites, they did ample justice to it?

"What is that fellow doing over the way?" said Harry, when the edge of his appetite was pretty well blunted.

As he spoke, he pointed to a very shabby-looking Spaniard, who was plastering some gaudy strips of colored paper to the wall of a house opposite.

"Looks like a bill-sticker," replied Jack.

"Then let him beware."

The two youths continued to watch him till he had almost covered the side of the building with an immense advertisement, which being at least ten times as large as anything else of that kind in the town, was evidently some announcement of great importance.

"Waiter," shouted Jack, ringing the bell. "Yessir, comin', sir," responded the English attendant.

"We want to know what that big bill is about."

"A bull fight, sir,"

"A bull fight, when?"

"At two o'clock to-morrow, sir."

"Shall we go, Harry?" asked young Jack.

"Don't much care about it, after all I've read on the subject, but I suppose being in Spain, we must do as the Spaniards do. How far is it to the arena?"

"Half a mile, sir; you can't mistake the road; all you has to do is to foller the crowd."

Now it may be taken for granted that all Spaniards are fond of their national pastime of the bull fight, but it is also a fact that in all towns where such sport is supported, there are a number of poor people who are unable to pay for admission to the arena. Therefore, for the gratification of these humble folk, it is customary to exhibit the bulls publicly the day before the fight.

This public exhibition of the animals takes place in the following fashion:

The bulls having been driven down from the mountains, are pastured in some meadows belonging to the authorities, till the evening before the fight, when they are driven thence through the chief streets to the stalls, or torril, of the arena.

All the lower classes go to witness this gratuitous exhibition—called the *encierro*—to speculate on the qualities and condition of the animals, and the prospect of their showing good sport.

But to return to Jack and Harry.

By the time they had finished their breakfast, the sun was so powerful that they did not care to venture out, so they read, lounged and dozed till the afternoon, when the sound of an unusual concourse of people in the street drew them to the window.

"What's up, Jack?" asked Harry.

"Can't say, old boy, unless it is another revolution. Ask the waiter."

The question having been put, they received the explanation given above; and being informed that the bulls would probably pass in front of the hotel, they drew their chairs out to the balcony to witness the fun.

"Look at that fellow, Harry," said young Jack, pointing to a man, whose coarse hair was visible through the crown of his broad

hat, whose scanty jacket betrayed his want of shirt, whose breeches were woefully tattered, but who, nevertheless, wore his cloak gracefully draped over his shoulder, with as jaunty an air as though he had been a grandee of the bluest blood.

Both lads burst into loud laughter at the sight of this figure.

The object of their mirth hearing the sound of laughter, looked up, and perceiving that they were laughing at him, scowled most ferociously.

Of course this only increased the mirth of our hero and his friend, Harry.

The man was shaking his fist, and (although the lads did not understand him) evidently swearing most furiously.

Finding this no use, however, he threw his cloak over his shoulder, and stalked away.

"Jack, do you know that fellow?"

"Not I. Do you?"

"I've seen him before, I feel certain, but I can't remember where or when it was. He looks like a villain."

"He be hanged! Don't puzzle your brains about him, Harry, but look out, for here come the bulls."

The roars and shouts of the crowd were deafening as the four fine animals came along the street.

One was deep red or dun in color, another a light-gray, and a third black and white.

These three went along tolerably quiet, but the fourth was a fierce-looking brute, with narrow flanks, deep chest, a tangled mass of hair over his eyes, and a skin black as night.

On seeing him the multitude at once saluted him as *El Diablo*, the devil, and a devilish temper he exhibited certainly.

"Bravo!" shouted the multitude, and, by way of response, the bull turned and made a savage rush at one fellow.

"By Jove! old fellow, this is dangerous work," exclaimed Jack.

Now it so happened that in the crowd was no less a person than our old friend the orphan.

Mr. Figgins had gone out, not to see the bulls, but to look at the town and pick up an idea or two as to how his trade was managed in the native home of the orange.

Luckless Mr. Figgins, he managed to get back into the main street just as the black bull *El Diablo* made his rush.

With head down, and eyes blinded by the shaggy hair that fell over them, the savage brute charged in a direct line along the street, the people opening out and crowding into doorways so as to form a clear course.

The course was cleared, but the orphan was left, and the bull getting an indistinct view of him, uttered a deep roar and charged at him headlong.

Away flew the orphan at full speed, the bull pursuing, but a glance over his shoulders soon convinced him that he could not escape by swiftness, so he turned sharply and tried to dodge the infuriated animal.

The bull was too quick for him, and in a moment threw Mr. Figgins on a huge heap of vegetable refuse.

Into this heap of rubbish he sank deeply, but he had sufficient presence of mind to throw a few of the cabbage leaves over him, so as to conceal his body from the savage creature.

Not seeing his enemy, but discovering some cabbage leaves that were not quite rotten, the bull began to feed upon them.

"Save me! Save a poor orphan. Help—help—help!" shouted Figgins from beneath his verdant coverlet.

Loud shouts of laughter came from the crowd, and *El Diablo*, warned by the sound that he had more than one enemy, turned, tossing his head, pawing the ground, and apparently selecting the next object for his attack.

"Look at our orphan friend," exclaimed Jack, who had been laughing as loudly as anyone at Mr. Figgins' mishap.

The orphan had ventured to peep out from his hiding-place, and seeing the tail of the bull turned towards him, prepared to steal away.

With the greatest caution he removed the leaves, crept from his hiding-place and darted down the street, toward the hotel.

He had gone, perhaps, fifteen or twenty yards, when *El Diablo*, turning around—probably for another mouthful of cabbage—perceived his enemy running away.

Another loud roar, and with tail erect, the bull gave chase.

"Oh, mercy! why did I ever leave my happy home in London?" shrieked Figgins, dodging the bull and turning back. "Save me, some one. Oh, I shall feel his horns in a moment."

"I must save him; he is in real danger now," exclaimed young Jack. "Here goes."

And snatching up the saber with which he fought the Carlist, he took a flying leap from the balcony, just as the hapless orphan, in his fright, ran past the hotel.

"Bravo, *viva!*" shouted the crowd, as they saw Jack safe on the ground, sword in hand, place himself between the bull and the flying man.

The monster paused a moment on seeing his new foe.

But a moment after he charged with redoubled violence, not at the orphan this time, but at our hero.

Now young Jack had read of the style in which a Spanish matador slays his bull, and in his usual dare-devil way, resolved to show the people that an English lad could do the trick.

So, as the bull all but reached him, he stepped aside, and drove the blade of his saber between the bull's shoulder and ribs.

Snap!

The blade parted at the hilt, and Jack, although he struck furiously at the brute, was knocked down and stunned.

"Have a care—have a care!" shouted the people, as the bull, in spite of its wound, half turned and went down on its knees to finish the brave English youth.

But Harry Girdwood by this time was close at hand, and ere the sharp-pointed horns could pierce our hero's body, a pistol bullet crashed through the skull of *El Diablo*, who, with a dull, hollow moan, fell dead.

"The bull's killed. Bravo!" shouted the crowd, as they closed around.

"Thanks, old fellow," said Jack, warmly, pressing Harry's hand. "I am all right, now; is the bull dead and the orphan safe?"

"Oh, Master Jack," said the orphan, running up; "you have saved my life; you're better than a mother to me, my dear boy."

"I was doubtful whether I should be in time," said Harry, "but are you sure you are not hurt, Jack?"

"No bones broken. Nothing but a bruise or two, and that we are both used to by this time."

"Look, Jack, how the mob is getting around us; let's get back to the hotel."

"All right. But what are these fellows grumbling at?"

The temper of the crowd seemed to have undergone a sudden change, and instead of applauding the gallantry of the two English lads, the people began to abuse them.

"They have slain the best bull," shouted some.

"Better that fifty English should have been gored than we deprived of our sport," said others.

"Knock 'em down," cried an English voice. "Kill 'em; they're only English spies."

Jack looked around, and thought he caught sight of Chivey.

Cudgels were flourished in a very threatening manner, but in the midst of the uproar, an officer of the municipal authorities, who had provided the bulls for the show, came up.

"You are foreigners, senors?" said this man, in broken English.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"You have slain the best of the bulls provided by the council of the town for to-morrow's show, and must therefore pay the sum of two hundred dollars at once."

"What for?" demanded Jack, bluntly.

"The cost of the animal is one hundred and fifty dollars, and the council imposes a fine of fifty dollars on anyone who interrupts or prevents the public sports."

"I'll see the council hanged first!" exclaimed Young Jack, indignantly. "What, pay two hundred dollars because my brave friend here saved my life? You go to Bath and learn how to shave pigs."

The majority of the mob could no more understand Jack's speech than he could theirs; but they guessed from his manner that it was nothing very complimentary.

"What says the islander?" they roared.

And when the municipal officer translated our hero's words, they grew furious.

Knives were brandished as well as cudgels, and there arose a savage cry of:

"Death—death to the English!"

"Give it 'em; run 'em in again!" cried the voice of Chivey, from the background.

Now young Jack was not one of those who, on receipt of a blow, say:

"If you do that again, I'll strike you."

But his practice was, when fighting seemed necessary and could not be honorably avoided, to put in the first blow—which he looked upon as being a good way towards winning the battle.

So now finding himself menaced, he wasted no time in words, but rushing at one fellow, snatched away his cudgel, and with it instantly knocked down another of the mob.

Harry Girdwood immediately followed suit.

"Wire in, Jack."

"Go ahead, but keep cool—don't lose your nut."

So back to back they stood defying the mob.

The municipal officer drew his sword, but Jack, without any ceremony, knocked it out of his hand with such force that the blade snapped.

"There, old man," cried Jack; "get a better sword when you again stand before a boy of England."

"Look out, Jack. They are drawing knives," said Harry.

"The cowardly villains; why, they are a hundred to one, now. We are in for it, Harry, old boy; only keep on cracking Spanish nuts as long as you can lift your stick."

Harry responded by dropping a weighty blow on the head of a ragamuffin, who was pressing in upon them, with a knife only half concealed in his tattered coat sleeve.

"Take that, you dirty thief," he said, addressing his fallen foe, who not being quite stunned, had sense enough to roll away among the feet of his friends.

The others, seeing the resolute attitude of the two youths, drew back a little, not quite relishing the encounter.

"Cowards!" exclaimed a gruff voice from the back, "are you going to be beaten by two boys?"

Jack guessed at the meaning of the words, and shouted out:

"If the gentleman in the background wants anything let him come forward, and I will be most happy to oblige him."

Which words were translated for the benefit of the unseen speaker by the municipal officer, who remained on the scene of battle, though he prudently kept out of the reach of Jack's cudgel.

There was a slight commotion in the crowd, and a burly fellow, a butcher by trade, pushed his way to the front.

He had in one hand a heavy cudgel, and in the other a long knife, used in his business.

"He's a toughish customer, Harry, so keep the crowd back as well as you can, while I have a crack at him. Oh, if dad and Uncle Dick were here, we'd soon make short work of them."

So saying, Jack made a step forward, and at once knocked the knife out of the rascal's hand, who roared with pain.

"At wrestling, boxing, or singlestick I am your man," said Jack, but before he could give his adversary a specimen of either art, the crowd closed in upon them.

Jack was unable to use his cudgel, but he struck out with his hands and made the eyes of more than one Spaniard blacker than nature intended them to be.

"How goes it, Harry?" he found time to ask.

"Plenty to do, and not much to get for it. Ease off a little, if you can, and let us get back to back."

"Right," and knocking down a man in front of him, so as to make room, young Jack placed his back to Harry's, and there they stood defying the whole mob.

By this time the butcher had recovered his courage and his knife.

He was just meditating another onslaught, when on the outskirts of the crowd was heard a loud shout.

"Hurroo! Ould Ireland forever! Faugh-a-ballah! Clear the road, ye dhirty spalpeens, bad manners to the loikes of yez!"

"Here's Whitechapel to the fore, mates; mind yer eye," said another voice.

"Will ye trid on the tale of me coat? Come out o' that, now, and foight, ye ill-lookin' thief o' the worl'd."

And then there were shrieks and curses as the English waiter from the hotel, and his friend, the diver, forced their way through the crowd.

"Hurrah for Old England!" shouted Jack, and making a dash forward, he hurled to the ground

the only Spaniard who stood between him and his friends.

"Safe, Mr. 'Arkaway?" asked the waiter.

"All right, thank you," responded our hero, picking up his cudgel.

"Mr. Girdwood all right?"

"A slight cut on the arm—nothing worth mentioning."

"One more charge, lads, and victory is ours. Now, altogether."

They made a charge forward, and the Spaniards scattered in every direction, shouting as they ran:

"Death—death to the Ingleses!"

"Hot work while it lasted, gemmen," observed the waiter; "but, Lord, them fellows is no use whatever. They lives on garlic, and the strongest thing about them is their breath. They ain't got no more biceps than a black beetle."

"Be the holy piper," exclaimed the diver, "I belave I've killed one of the ugly gossoons. Get up, ye murtherin' villain," he continued, tickling the prostrate Spaniard's ribs with his toe, "get up and tell us if ye're dead enough to be afther wantin' a coffin."

The man was not dead, for he started to his feet, and drawing a knife, hurled it at the Irishman.

The missile hissed past his head, and stuck quivering in a door behind him.

"Death to the English!" shouted the man, as he started off at full speed down the street.

"Bad cess to ye!" shouted the Irishman, shaking his fist, half inclined to follow, and yet restrained by what he thought his duty—viz: a determination to protect our hero.

"That was a narrow escape," observed Harry Girdwood.

"A miss is as good as a mile, sorr. But I'll be afther knowing the blackguard again if I meet him, and—"

The man gave a vicious flourish to as elegant a shillelagh as ever grew in the county of Wicklow to express what would happen when he did meet that Spaniard.

"But where is Mr. Figgins all this while?" asked Jack. "We had better look about for him, for if those fellows get hold of him, they will carve him up in no time."

CHAPTER II.

THE ORPHAN FIGHTS A SINGLE COMBAT—SUPPER—A GRANDEE OF SPAIN APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

BUT where was the luckless Mr. Figgins?

Our friends looked up the street and down the street.

There may have been orphans in view, but if so, they were of Spanish descent; Mr. Figgins could not be seen.

Inquiry was made at the door of the hotel, but he had not been seen there since the morning.

"Come along; let us look for him," said Harry. "If he is in trouble, we must help him out of it."

"Begorra!" exclaimed the Irish, "it's me opinion that the gentleman cannot take care of himself at all—at all."

"He has never been brought up to help himself much in the fighting line," said Jack, "and you know it can't be learned all at once."

"Thru for ye. Howly saints! miny's the time I had me head broke before I knew how to prevent it."

"Hark!" said Harry. "Unless I am very much mistaken, that's his voice."

"Voice, d'ye call it? Shure, an Oirish pig under a gate has a more iligant voice."

Paying no heed to the Irishman's disparaging remarks, Jack and Harry rushed off in the direction of the sound.

Turning an abrupt angle, they beheld the object of their search.

Mr. Figgins was standing in a door.

In front of him was an old Spanish woman, armed with a dagger, with which she made furious thrusts at the orphan, all the while cursing him in the choicest Spanish.

The orphan parried her blows as well as he could, all the while bellowing for help at the top of his voice.

By a lucky stroke of his stick, he managed to knock the dagger out of her grasp.

But it was a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire with him, for the old woman, rushing in, seized him by the head, tore his hair, and buffeted his face at a furious rate.

The waiter, however, coming up behind, seized her by the wrists and dragged her away to the other side of the road, when, seeing that the odds were very much against her, she departed,

not without bestowing a back-handed blessing, in the choicest of Spanish Billingsgate slang upon the English nation generally.

"Where is he? Where is the monstrous brigand with whom I have been fighting for an hour or more?" said Figgins, catching up his stick and brandishing it very near the Irishman's head.

"Bad cess to yez! Put down that twig, or I'll be afther killin' ye. Put it down, ye spalpeen."

Mr. Figgins dropped his stick as if it was red hot.

"Brigand!" exclaimed Jack, shaking with laughter. "Why, it was an old woman, and I am surprised you should be so ungallant as to strike one of the fair sex."

"Not a brigand?"

"No."

"Then my eyes have deceived me—but that is not to be wondered at, as my eyeglass is smashed. Oh, Master Jack, I must once more thank you. But you are certain the bull is dead?"

"Dead as a doornail," answered Jack; "and you have to thank Harry as well as me for your safety."

"Gentlemen," said the orphan, "I thank you very much. I had the misfortune to be left without a parent's guidance many years ago, but I have been taught to be grateful; and to prove my gratitude by something more than words, allow me to invite you all to supper with me at—let me see, it's five o'clock now—how will nine o'clock suit?"

"Admirably," said Harry and Jack.

"These two gentlemen will join us, of course," continued the orphan, pointing to the waiter and the diver.

"Will a duck shwim!" exclaimed the diver. "And d'ye think an Oirishman will iver turn his back on good 'ating, dhrinkin', foightin', or iny other kind of fun? It's there I'll be, shure enough, yer honor."

But the waiter said, when appealed to:

"Much obliged I'm sure, sir, but I'm h'only one of the servants, and should be out of place a-setting down with you gemmen."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jack. "For once we'll dispense with all notions of etiquette. As we have fought together, so we'll sup together."

"Very good, sir—h'only I thought as how, perhaps, some might object."

"Not at all," replied the orphan and Harry.

"Then, that bein' the case, I had better get in and order a feed."

"Certainly," replied Figgins, "and mind that everything is of the very best. Get as many English dishes as you can."

"Trust me, sir, I and the cook are great pals."

"Mr. Figgins," said Jack, as the waiter moved off, "will you permit me to bring a friend with me?"

"Certainly. A gentleman, I presume, for I am very nervous in ladies' company."

"Oh, yes," responded Jack, "a Polish nobleman on his travels—Count Nerowski by name."

"I shall be delighted to see him. He—he—he! I am getting to be quite at home among the aristocracy. Well, good-evening, gentlemen, for the present; don't forget nine o'clock, for my terrific combat has made me very hungry."

The orphan walked away.

"Sorr," said the diver, "I'll wish yez good-evening for the presint."

"You'll come to supper?"

"Be aisy about the same, sorr. I only want to put on me most iligant clothes, so as not to disgrace the gintleman."

"Very well; but we shall expect you."

"Jack," said Harry, as they stood together in front of the hotel, "who is this Polish nobleman?"

"One who can climb a pole better than either of us, and we are not altogether lubbers."

"What do you mean?"

"Count Nerowski is our old friend Nero, with a tail to his name as well as to his body. By-the-by, how did he get ashore?"

"Jumped into one of the boats along with the men."

"By-the-by, Harry, did you see that beast Chivey in the mob?"

"Yes, Jack, I caught sight of the young villain for a moment. We must be on the look-out for him and his master. But what is your little game, Jack?"

"Only a lark."

"No harm, I suppose?"

"Not a bit; old Nero will get a good supper, and we shall have some harmless fun."

They strolled up and down the veranda for some time, and at length resolved to go and dress for supper.

Their own costume required little alteration, as they said that if the dress of a British sailor was not good enough, they would not alter it to suit any one's taste; but to equip Count Nerowski in a costume suited to his high rank was no such easy work.

After some trouble, however, they managed to get him rigged out in a pair of black trousers, white vest, across which a blue and red ribbon was tied sashwise, and a black dress coat.

But as for getting the count's feet into boots, or his hands into gloves, that was a matter none of them could accomplish, so they allowed his hands and feet to remain uncovered.

"Mr. Figgins, allow me to introduce to you his excellency, Count Nerowski," said Jack, leading that distinguished foreigner into the supper room.

Nero bowed in imitation of his master, and chattered at the orphan, who of course did not understand.

"I am very delighted to make the acquaintance of your noble friend, but he is a strange-looking person," he said to Jack, on the quiet.

The company being assembled, supper was served, the orphan taking the head of the table, and Count Nerowski facing him, that being the dark end of the room.

For a time all went well, and the company enjoyed themselves.

When the cloth was removed, a few toasts were proposed, and Harry Girdwood gave "The health of our esteemed friend, Mr. Figgins."

They all stood up to drink the toast.

"Good Heaven! what is the count doing?" exclaimed Mr. Figgins.

"Bravo, Nerowski," shouted Jack.

The count, wishing to pay all honor to his host, had mounted on the back of his chair, where he held on by one foot, while with the other he lifted a glass of wine to his lips.

In his right hand he held a cigarette, in his left he waved a cambric handkerchief.

The diver, the waiter, young Jack, and Harry Girdwood screamed with laughter at this performance, but the orphan, being near-sighted, and Nero in the dark part of the room, was really frightened.

"Help your friend down, I pray, Mr. Harkaway. If he should fall and get hurt, I should never forgive myself."

"Don't be alarmed, sir; he very often goes on in this style."

"But what's he doing?"

"He's now imitating the celebrated marble group entitled 'Ajax defying the Vaccination Act,'" said Jack, gravely.

"It is most extraordinary. I wish I had my eye-glass, or the room was lighter, for I can hardly see him so far away."

Nero sat down, and having, by accident, wetted his pocket-handkerchief with champagne, gravely squeezed out the superfluous moisture as he had seen sailors and washerwomen do after rinsing their clothes.

"That's another of his illustrations," observed Jack, "copied from a bronze group he purchased at St. Petersburg."

"Indeed. May I ask the name of it?"

"It represents Neptune washing a paper collar at the public fountain of Cecropia."

"You surprise me," exclaimed Mr. Figgins.

"So you do me," said Harry, trying to keep from laughing.

As for the diver and the waiter, they roared again.

How long the fun would have lasted, is uncertain; but a Spanish waiter entering, called out the English one, and that for a time interrupted the conversation.

"I shall not be away long, gentlemen," said the English waiter.

He had not left the company but a few moments, before Jack thought he heard a strange sound.

"Hark!" exclaimed Jack, "what sound is that?"

"What is the matter, old man!" asked Harry.

"I thought I heard a groan."

"Nonsense."

"Be gorra! there it is again," said the diver.

They all listened attentively, and in a few seconds heard a faint sob like the gasp of a dying man.

Jack at once rushed out, followed by Harry and the Irishman.

There, in the corridor, lay their humble friend the English waiter, his life blood streaming from three stiletto wounds in the body.

"Alarm the house; murder's been done!" shouted Jack.

The landlord and servants soon came flocking

to the place, and the unfortunate man, being laid on a bed, medical aid was sought.

At the British consulate was an English medical man, and he being informed of what had happened, quickly appeared on the scene.

"Is he alive?" asked Jack.

It was some minutes before the doctor answered:

"He still breathes, but his life hangs by a thread, and if he recovers, it will be more through the aid of Providence than my medicine. But who did this?"

That no one could tell.

The Spaniard who called the wounded man out had left him talking with two men—those men had disappeared, and no one knew who they were or whither they had gone.

CHAPTER III.

MR. MURRAY HAS A SECOND EDITION—DICK'S SUBSTITUTE FOR AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT—MR. MURRAY STARTS FOR SPAIN.

SOON after Mr. Murray read his hopeful son's telegram, of which we have already spoken, he made preparations hurriedly to start.

He dreaded every hour of his life to come across the wooden-legged warrior Mole, or Jack Harkaway, or Dick Harvey.

"I must be careful," he thought.

He got hold of a shipping advertisement sheet, and selected a vessel which was to start at an early date.

At length, being perfectly satisfied that the coast was clear, he sallied forth.

He was so disguised that very little of his countenance remained visible.

"I'm in luck," he said to himself; "the Harkaway people are not on the watch."

He was mistaken. Night and day they had been, one or the other of them, on watch by the shipowner's house, until the wretched man was in fear of his life.

"A brutal, murderous lot, these people," he said; "a villainous crew those Harkaways, and they would think no more of taking one's life than of cracking a nut."

Barely had Mr. Murray made this very singular simile when bang came a thwack upon the top of his head.

"Oh—oh!" he cried.

And a thousand sparks flashed across his eyes.

"You old beast!" exclaimed a voice in his ear, which sounded familiar.

Mr. Murray, momentarily dazed by the blow, looked around, and there stood Dick Harvey.

The shipowner was aghast at the sight.

Dick carried a stout ash stick.

"How dare you stop me in this way, ruffian!" said Mr. Murray, looking anxiously about him as he spoke.

"How dare I?" exclaimed Dick. "Why, for decoying young Jack Harkaway and his comrade, Harry Girdwood, on board your coffin ship. The law doesn't call this murder, so what I have got to do is not legal. But punished you must be all the same, and shall be, without witnesses."

Mr. Murray suddenly plucked up courage for a very brief moment, and made a desperate rush.

But before he could get any distance, Dick Harvey was after him.

"Stop that!" cried Dick, grabbing at his shoulder. "You can't get out of it now. You brought it on yourself, and you must take punishment from my hand and this stick."

Mr. Murray had bought himself a jack-knife, a big one, for the voyage, and so, as the handiest weapon of defence, he whipped it out and stood at bay.

For a minute they stood facing each other, Dick poised his stick in his hand, ready to run in and make play, Murray crouching and watching the faintest movements of the enemy with great eagerness.

Dick advanced.

"Keep off!" cried Murray; "I don't want your blood upon my head."

"I'll take my chance," said Dick, still advancing.

Now he shot in closer, and when old Murray brandished his weapon rather wildly, Dick dropped him a stinger on the hand, and down went the knife.

"Murder!" yelled Murray. "Oh—oh!"

"Cry away," said Dick, cheerfully, as he laid on his blows with a lavish hand.

"Help—help! Murder!"

Bang! thwack! came down Dick's stick.

"Ruffian!" gasped the shipowner.

"There," cried Dick, "one more."

Mr. Murray felt the crack, and sank upon the ground with a groan.

"Now," said Harvey, "now, Mr. Murray, you may pause before you venture upon any more of your infamous exploits; when you want to speculate again in sailors' lives, and play at legalized murder, just you reflect on this."

Dick shook the stick before old Murray's eyes.

"Think," said Dick, sternly, "of the wretchedness you have made in many a home—as you are a father, think of the desolation wrought upon the Harkaways by your villainous conduct."

"My own boy, my darling Herbert was on board the *Albatross*," said Murray, looking up.

"Then the greater old villain you!" ejaculated Harvey, with indignation.

"You have used me cruelly," said old Murray, rubbing his bruised parts.

"Not half so badly as I ought to have done."

"But I will try and forgive; I will try and repay you with comfort; yes, news to make you happy."

"How?"

"Listen. Will you tell Mr. Harkaway that his boy is safe—safe and sound on the Spanish coast?"

"Never."

"He is, I swear. I have a telegram from my son."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Give it me."

"No—no," returned old Murray, clapping his hand over his breast pocket. "I am hastening now to take ship to fly over to my boy—my dear, rebellious, disobedient darling."

"Let me look?"

Like a man in a dream, Dick Harvey read the telegram which old Murray handed to him.

"Safe ashore. *Albatross* condemned in port to be sold."

"Good Heaven!" thought Dick, "if this is true, what joyful news for Jack and Emily."

"It is true," said Murray. "I have a heart, much as you may doubt it, and I would not now trifle with a father's feelings—no, not for all the mines of gold, I swear."

There was no mistaking the miserable man's earnestness now.

"He is sincere, if ever a man was," said Harvey.

He was right.

A change had come over Mr. Murray's feelings.

"Why on earth did you not tell me before," said Harvey; "all might have been spared—all—"

"I tried to speak; but you would not listen," replied Mr. Murray, groaning over his bruises.

"Where are you going to now?" demanded Dick. "Speak without fear; I shall put your answer to no evil use."

"I am going on board to-night," returned Mr. Murray.

"Go at once, then. I will hasten to inform Harkaway of young Jack's safety."

That night Mr. Murray slept on board.

The next morning, at an hour after daylight, the ship *Harpy* weighed anchor and carried the shipowner towards his scapegrace son.

Let the most favorable winds fill the sails of the good ship *Harpy*, we doubt if she will very speedily reach the port where the *Albatross* lies fathoms low, foundered in fair weather.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MURRAY ON BOARD THE SHIP "HARPY"—THE BITER BIT—MORAL REFLECTIONS.

THE good ship *Harpy* stood out at sea ready for the Spanish coast.

From the first, however, she had encountered heavy weather, and she strained and creaked as she ploughed her way through the boiling sea in a way that would have made a nervous mariner quake.

But Mr. Murray was too full of the happy anticipations of once again pressing his wild and disobedient son to his heart to think of the perils afloat.

Let the wind roar and the ship be knocked about so much not a bit did he heed it.

When they had been a few days afloat, there were signs of uneasiness among the crew that should have made him think seriously.

But he never questioned them, nor did he take any notice whatever, until the steward came to him with a long face and broached the subject of the extreme stress of weather.

"It'll be a precious narrow squeak, sir, for us, if we ever see land again."

"Do you think that the ship is in any danger?" asked Murray.

"Do I think?" returned the steward; "do I know! Why, our chance of seeing land again in this ramshackle old cockboat is about as small as it well could be; a good ship would have a bad chance now, but a patched-up old hull like the *Harpy's* hasn't the ghost of a chance, and that's my candid opinion, sir."

"Good Heaven!" cried old Murray, in fright.

"Yes, sir," continued the steward, "I fear we are doomed for a watery grave."

"I was given to understand that the *Harpy* was a capital little ship; ah, and in excellent condition."

The steward chuckled grimly at this.

"You was, was you?"

"Yes, by the people at the brokers who chart-ered her."

"I thought so," said the steward, gravely.

"But why, my good man, why?" asked Mr. Murray, anxiously, and beginning to feel dreadfully frightened.

"Why, I believe the owners are rascals, and ought to be trounced for trapping poor devils on their coffin ship."

Mr. Murray gave a start of utter dismay.

A coffin ship!

"You don't mean to say you think this?"

"Yes, I do, though."

"Good Heaven!" cried the ship broker, falling back with horror.

"Hold steady, sir; but that's just about the size of it," pursued the steward.

Mr. Murray gave a hollow groan and staggered back, half fainting.

He had been already punished by the flight of his boy, and now he was crowning the fulfilment of his destiny by sinking in a coffin-ship in mid-ocean.

It would be impossible to describe adequately the thousand and one conflicting thoughts which fled through his mind.

Was this indeed to be the end of everything?

His very soul quaked.

His punishment had come.

He walked up and down in the greatest restlessness and anxiety, vainly endeavoring to calm himself.

The hand of fate was upon him.

He jumped up and made for the deck.

He found out the first mate and questioned him about the vessel.

"Well, sir," said the mate, "all I can say is we ain't gone down yet, that's all, though how long I may be able to sing the same tune is quite another matter."

"Do you look upon the *Harpy* as doomed, then?" he asked.

The mate nodded.

"That's about it, sir."

"Then what preparations are you making to meet the calamity?"

"None."

"What?"

"We ain't got preparations to make. When the time comes, we shall take to the boats. As many as can get in, will get in, and the rest —"

"Yes, the rest?" demanded the shipowner, eagerly.

"They'll have to shift for themselves."

"Good Heaven!" ejaculated Mr. Murray. "Is it possible that proper precautions aren't taken by the owners?"

"The owners? There are plenty of owners like them; they send out rotten ships that they know must go to the bottom of the sea. What are the lives of sailors and passengers to them, sir? They are simply murderers, and when their time comes to die, they will be punished here and hereafter for their black deeds."

Mr. Murray staggered back, a sad man.

Oh, how he feared death, and, above all, death in a coffin-ship at sea.

"Is there no hope for the *Harpy*?" asked the shipowner once more.

The mate shook his head.

"Is the danger immediate, do you think?"

"There's a bare chance, if we come across assistance. But you can turn in in safety to-night, for the wind has dropped, and there's no fear of an accident yet awhile. But it's only a question of time."

With a heavy heart, the man that had caused so many deaths at sea, went below to his bunk.

He tried to sleep, but he was a long time dropping off, and then his slumber was of a fitful, unhealthy kind.

CHAPTER V.

ATONEMENT—ALONE IN THE DARK—STRANGE VISITORS—A NAMELESS TERROR—THE "HARPY" STRIKES—THE SHIPOWNER'S DYING STRUGGLES.

THE swinging lamp in front of Mr. Murray's berth grew strangely dull, and in the dim, uncertain light, the shipowner felt ill at ease.

A vague uneasiness fell upon him—a dread of unknown danger.

And presently, in his half-dreaming state, there appeared in the corner of the cabin a singular figure.

From the first moment that his glance rested upon this strange visitor, the shipowner felt that it was a familiar presence, and so he watched with singular interest the movements of this figure.

It advanced slowly, without appearing to walk.

It was more like a gliding motion with which it progressed.

And, in this way, the figure advanced to the side of Mr. Murray's berth.

Never a word did he speak.

When he was close beside him, the shipowner who was, until now, apparently tongue-tied, found his voice.

"What do you want?" he demanded, in a constrained voice.

The figure made no reply.

A grave nod of the head was his sole acknowledgement of the shipowner's question.

And now Mr. Murray observed, as the man bowed his head in solemn recognition, that water dripped from his hair and beard, which were matted, seemingly, by long immersion.

"What do you want here?" exclaimed the shipowner, suddenly. "I know you. You are Captain Rocket."

"I was," returned the strange visitor, in a hollow voice, "known by that name."

"I knew it," gasped the shipowner; "and you were once the captain of my vessel, the *Sea Bird*."

"I come to warn you," said the spectral figure.

"What is that water and seaweed that drips from your long hair?"

"It is part of my shroud," returned the figure.

The shipowner essayed to make answer.

But his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Your what?" he managed at length to articulate.

"My shroud."

"Then you are not a living, breathing man like me?"

The figure shook its head mournfully.

"I am what you have made me, Murray," it answered, in hollow, sepulchral tones, "through sending me out in your coffin ship. I have risen from my watery grave, to which you have sent me, to warn you."

"Of what?"

"To-morrow."

The shipowner gave a sudden cry of alarm.

"What mean you?"

"Beware to-morrow," returned the strange visitor. "The fate, to which you so heartlessly condemned me and many others, shall be yours. An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth."

A nameless dread filled the unhappy shipowner at these awful words.

"Go," he cried, piteously. "Go, and leave me. Why do you come to torment me now?"

"Because you condemned me to a watery grave—I, who never wronged you or yours. Because, for vile, unhallowed gains, you waited and waited hourly for the news that I had perished with the *Sea Bird*. It is one year ago this very night that I and a poor helpless crew went to our watery grave from your rotten ship. Yes, I and everyone on board."

"Everyone?"

"Yes, men and boys all lost for your gain."

"It is false," cried Mr. Murray, starting up in his berth. "It is false, I say; it was through no fault of mine," retorted Mr. Murray, "that you and the crew were drowned."

"Whose, then?"

"The owners from whom I bought the ship."

The figure shook his head gravely as before.

"You know well that you, and you alone, are responsible. For you it was who trafficked in honest men's lives to secure your own vile gains. Many's the ship, and many's the crew that now lie fathoms deep in the ocean, sent to their early graves through your villany; therefore, prepare for your doom to-morrow."

"It is all false you tell me. I shall not perish to-morrow. Begone!"

The strange visitor shook his head in the same solemn manner as before.

"You may never learn the truth from other lips than mine," said the shade of Captain Rocket; "but listen. Never more shall you look upon the face of your son again."

"Begone. Out of my sight, devil," yelled the shipowner, worked up into a regular frenzy by now; "out of my sight."

The figure stood still.

"Begone, devil!" exclaimed the wretched man; "I know you now. You are an evil spirit who has taken the form of Rocket to torture me, but I defy you!"

But still the pale figure of the dead captain stood there.

And now his rage was succeeded by a deathly fear.

A nameless terror crept upon him once again, and he cowered in his bed.

"Heaven rid me of this horror!" wailed the unhappy man.

He closed his eyes to shut out the fearful spectacle, and on his opening them a minute or so later, it was gone.

Yes, vanished.

But only to be replaced by many figures of boys and old sailors.

"What do you want?" faltered the shipowner.

"Beware to-morrow," replied the shadows, in a hollow chorus.

"What of to-morrow?" demanded Murray, eagerly.

"To-morrow you will expiate your crimes, for the many murders you are guilty of in sending us poor souls to sea in your coffin-ships," was their reply.

"But how—how?" cried the shipowner; "tell me how, if I am to perish."

"You will be punished by the fate to which you remorselessly condemned our wretched selves. Your bones shall rot in the bed of the ocean!"

"It's false!" faltered the shipowner, trying in vain to put on a bold front.

"It is true," returned the shade of one poor boy, solemnly.

"If it is not true," said the other figures, in the same measured and hollow tones, "why are we here?"

"As surely as we speak, Michael Murray, you shall never see another sunset! You are on a rotten ship, and you are doomed for a watery grave!"

The frightened shipowner essayed in vain to speak.

He could not articulate, try as he would.

He cowered again in his berth to shut out the sight of the specters, and muttered a prayer, and when he had done this, he found voice to articulate:

"Heaven rid me of the presence of these dreadful spirits."

"We must be gone," said the specters. "We have warned you; now prepare for your death."

The shadowy forms melted away rapidly.

They were gone.

Mr. Murray struggled to arise from his berth; but something appeared to hold him back, powerless to move hand or foot.

So desperate became his efforts that he lost himself completely in them, and lapsed into insensibility.

* * * * *

Tossing about on his pillow.

Moaning, groaning, and sighing alternately, keeping time, as it were, to the warning creaking of the vessel, and the ominous roar of the elements without.

Presently he opened his eyes and looked about. There he was in his cabin. The oil lamp had gone out.

"Where are they?" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, and glancing about him in fear. "Captain Rocket and the drowned sailors. I say, where are they?"

All gone!

A sudden light dawned upon him.

"I was dreaming," he cried, "dreaming—only a dream, after all. But, oh, how horrible! I fell asleep brooding over the steward's croakings of evil, and so have conjured up that horrible vision. But what a relief to find that it all means nothing! It can mean nothing."

The ship received a sudden shock, which threw Mr. Murray from his berth.

"What was that?"

It felt as if she had struck.

As Murray regained his feet, the vessel quivered from stem to stern as if from the shock she had encountered.

Filled with dire forebodings, he made for the deck with all dispatch, and as he reached it, he was dazed with a sudden and vivid flash of lightning.

Recoiling for a moment, he walked on, after

holding by the ropes and bulwarks to steady himself, and—

Where was the crew?

Where was the captain?

Not a soul in sight!

He passed his hand across his eyes and stared about him.

"I am still laboring under the effects of this dreadful nightmare, I suppose. How strangely real!"

"Hark!"

A distant growl of thunder rolled on after the tempest-tossed ship, gathering force as it came, and bursting with a deafening crash close over head.

Then followed second flash of lightning, and in that lurid glare which momentarily illumined the boiling sea for miles around, the shipowner saw something that chilled the very marrow in his bones.

Two heavily-laden boats tearing through the waves, now perched mountains high, now diving down into the deep trough of the sea.

He guessed the whole truth now at a single glance.

The crew of the *Harpy* had deserted her and taken to the boats.

Ay, to a man.

He was left alone.

Alone!

Oh, fearful word.

Alone to encounter the fearsome perils of that awful night.

"Help—help!" he shouted, with sudden energy. "Do not desert me. Cowards—miscreants—murderers! Do not leave me alone to perish, like a rat in a trap!"

In vain did he cry.

In vain did he shout.

The roar of the wind and the waves drowned his voice.

"Hark again to the thunder!" he shouted again.

His own voice echoed back to him, borne on the wind, seemingly in a mournful cadence, as though he were singing his own funeral dirge.

He looked about him frantically.

Not a hope!

Not the faintest.

He kicked against some loose spars as he ran forward, and then with wild energy, he set to work to lash himself to one with a rope.

But before he could accomplish this—a last faint hope—the *Harpy* gave signs of settling down to her fate.

He felt the ship sinking beneath him, and then he sent up a piercing shriek.

Ha! what are they rising from the waves? Sailor boys and men, with pale, ghastly faces pointing at him.

Look! they are dead men and boys—his victims—drowned at sea.

A piteous cry for mercy comes from the shipowner.

A wail of despair.

And in his frenzy he seemed to hear the voices of his vision reminding him of their warnings.

"What mercy did you have upon others? The mercy you showed them shall be meted out to you!"

He groaned in despair.

Oh, for a hope!

Oh, for the faintest glimmer of a hope!

None—none!

The ship was settling rapidly.

He knew it.

He struggled to his feet.

But, weighted as he was with the spar to which he had been fastening himself, he could do nothing.

"It will never float. I shall be drawn down in the vortex."

He now sought frantically to cast himself loose.

He looked about him for a knife—for anything to cut the rope.

He remembered then that he had provided himself with a large jack-knife, and that he had lost it in his encounter with Harvey.

He fought and struggled as the vessel went lower and lower.

Then the *Harpy* gave a fearful lurch; then heeled up; then plunged down head foremost.

A dreadful, despairing shriek came from the unhappy man, and he was silenced forever.

But the thunder continued to growl, the wind kept up its piteous moan.

CHAPTER VI.

MEL CHIVEY GROWS ANECDOTAL AND UNPLEASANT TO THE ORPHAN IN PARTICULAR.

THE duel between young Harkaway and the

Spanish officers was one of those tales which are called in French:

"*Un secret de Polichinelle*—Punch's secret—otherwise a secret that goes from mouth to mouth like wildfire."

And so did this spread.

The successful issue of it was talked over with a chuckle by all the English, as you may imagine."

Yet stay.

Not all.

There were two persons who did not chuckle at all.

These were Herbert Murray, who was waiting to hear from his father, little knowing the dreadful fate that had overtaken that wretched man, and Mr. Chivey, the tiger.

"A very likely tale, Chivey," said the master.

"Very," said the man.

The master meant it ironically; but the man, who delighted in aggravating the master, chose to pretend to take it literally.

"That Harkaway would run a mile if he saw a drawn sword in the hand of a Carlist soldier," said young Murray.

"Not he," returned the tiger, "he's a regular Tartar. But I never thought that he was half such a dab with the skewer as he is with his fives."

"No humbug, Chivey."

"Well, sir, we know he is a dab with his fives, don't we?" he said, stroking his chin complacently. "I've seen a bit or two in my time. I've had the gloves on with some pretty warm members, but bless my 'art, I never see a cove fib away half so pretty as he did at you. You looked like a rainbow when he'd done with you, sir."

"You're a beast, Chivey."

"But he was wonderful quick. Ding, dong, all over the shop at once. Tick—tick, where'll you have it next?"

"Chivey, I'll—"

"The awful way he must ha' made you see fireworks, sir. Beastly hard knuckles, I should think, sir."

"If you don't hold your tongue, Chivey, I'll send you packing with a flea in your ear."

Mr. Chivey sulked.

"S'pose I mustn't speak now—might as well be in the Penitentiary—or the ha'penny-tentary, if that's a wuss place."

"Hold your tongue; here comes that old fool of a Figgins."

"The orphan, sir?"

"Yes."

Mr. Figgins approached with a nod of recognition, and stopped to chat.

The gruel and tallow candle difficulty had been got over. Mr. Figgins was materially improved in health to-day, having got over the fright of the attack of the bull.

"Good morning, young gentleman," he said.

"Good morning," responded Herbert Murray.

"It's a singular thing, sir," said Chivey, touching his hat, "but just as you come up, we were talking of figs."

Mr. Figgins changed color slightly at this remark.

"Why singular?" demanded the orphan, curtly.

"Oh, nothing, sir," returned Chivey, with another salute; "only you used to deal in 'em, sir, I believe, didn't you?"

"Ahem! Yes, I certainly did. There is nothing dishonorable in trade. I am proud of my commercial origin. I—"

"Hear, hear!" said Chivey.

"I did deal in figs among other articles of colonial produce."

"I've seen that line up somewheres," said Chivey, placing the tip of his forefinger to his forehead. "I'm quite certain we are old pals! Now where is it I have met you?"

After a pause the orphan said:

"I am not ashamed to own that I have traded in figs."

"And uncommon nice trading, too," said Chivey; "only I should wolf all the profit up if I was a grocer and kept a shop."

The obnoxious words "grocer" and "shop," made the retired tradesman writhe.

Why should his humble origin be cast in his teeth here, far away from Cow Cross, and the scenes of his early struggles?

"I never see you, sir," said the tiger, with the same innocent air, "but what I think of that pious grocer, who used to call to his 'prentice: 'Sammy, when you've sanded the sugar, and birch-broomed the tea, and horse-beaned the coffee, come up to prayers.'"

"That's a very stale anecdote, Mr. Murray," said the orphan; "is your servant general entertainer as well as boot-polisher?"

"He takes liberties, Mr. Figgins," returned

Herbert Murray, who was enjoying the orphan's uneasy looks. "Great liberties. You must learn to know your place, Chivey."

The tiger touched his hat in all humility, but with a merry devil in his eye all the while.

"Don't be cross; no bones broke," said the tiger.

"No."

Chivey was in high spirits and a mischievous humor.

"Ah, Mr. Figgins, sir," said Chivey, with something very like a sigh, "I remember your shop in Cow Cross well."

Mr. Figgins gave a start and a look of dismay.

The shop in question, although he called it an emporium—was really a very humble establishment.

"I think I can see your little drum now, sir. The smashed dates with the tupp'ny ticket on 'em, and the fly-blown sugar."

"Ahem! Fly-blown, Chivey!" said Murray; "that's a scandal."

"Oh, no, sir. Mr. Figgins will bear me out; won't you, Mr. Figgins? I used to know all your stock, sir, better than you knew it yourself, sir, when I was a kid. I used to go and flatten my blessed nose, sir, against your window, and get right down ravenous at the sight of your biscuits, although they wasn't too fresh-looking."

"Come—come," said Murray, who was obliged to speak so as not to burst out laughing, "the biscuits weren't fly-blown as well."

"Wasn't they, though?"

"No—no," said Mr. Figgins, indignantly, "certainly not. Fly-blown, indeed."

"Well, sir," said the tiger, "I don't like to contradict, but all I know is that I cert'n'y thought you'd upset the black pepper over 'em myself."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed his master at this.

Mr. Figgins looked very red in the face.

"And then the cheese, sir," said Chivey, seriously, "a peculiar sort o' mottled soap cheese that used to hang on hand a long while, as a rule—"

"It is false," said Mr. Figgins. "Really, Mr. Murray, I—"

"And then," continued Chivey, heedless of the orphan's indignation, "it used to be jobbed off to the beer shop next door; that was Shiny William's perks."

"Shiny William?" said Murray. "Who's that?"

"Shiny William was the waiter as had to wait on the cabbies and other gents that used the house."

"But why Shiny William?"

"I think it was because of his shiny coat, sir," continued the tiger; "it had wore that smooth with age and grease, that you'd ha' took it for mackintosh."

"Ha—ha!" laughed his master; "so that was Shiny William, Mr. Figgins' friend?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Figgins remembers him well."

"Indeed I don't," retorted the retired grocer, looking as though he would like to have thrashed the tiger.

"I thought you would, sir, on account of the tale of one of the parties as used the house."

"What was that?"

"He went in one day for some bread and cheese, and, says he, 'here, Shiny William, serve us up a slice o' beeswax and a buster.' 'Yes, sir,' says Shiny William; 'and mind, none of old Figgins' mottle, mind.'"

"What did your elegant friend mean by beeswax?" Mr. Figgins demanded.

"Why, cheese, sir," continued Chivey. "Well, he cuts open the loaf and out pops a little mouse. Shiny William looks as if he'd been struck by lightning, but the other party took it quite cool. 'Here, Shiny William,' he says, 'sarve this up next turn. I wants bread and cheese. I didn't ask you for a sandwich.'"

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed his master.

But Mr. Figgins never moved a muscle.

"I am glad, Mr. Murray," he said, "that you enjoy your servant's anecdotes. That one was stale when I was a child."

"I've seen staler things in a certing little shop down Cow Cross way. Eh, Mr. Figgins?" said Chivey.

"Sir," said the orphan, proudly, to young Murray, "I called on you, not to be insulted by your servant, but to speak to you of the great bravery of young Jack Harkaway—how he fought a duel and beat his man, and after that how he saved my life from a mad bull; but I see you do not understand noble deeds, and I wish you good morning, sir."

With that the orphan placed his hat on his head, and beat a retreat.

CHAPTER VII.

OFF TO THE BULL FIGHT—THE ORPHAN IN TROUBLE AGAIN—CHIVEY'S DISGRACE AND FIGGINS TRIUMPHANT.

THE bull fight that had been so extensively advertised and eagerly looked forward to was postponed.

As already related, young Jack and Harry had slain their best bull.

Therefore another bull, young and fierce, had to be procured from the mountain pastures, and it was some days ere that could be done.

During that time our hero was delighted to find a great change in the condition of his friend, the English waiter at the hotel, who had been stabbed, out of revenge, by some of the Spanish people whom he had struck down when protecting young Jack from the mob.

The wounds that at first looked so deep and dangerous speedily healed; in three days he was able to sit up, and by the time the new bulls were brought into the town he could get about.

So, on the day when at length the fight was to take place, he went out with young Jack, Harry Girdwood, the orphan, and the Irish diver.

They managed to get very good seats in the front row, but the pleasure of Mr. Figgins was considerably marred when he found he had for a neighbor the hateful tiger Chivey.

"Ugh!" he muttered, "I am surprised that they allow servants to sit in the best parts of the house."

Chivey heard the remark.

"They don't let no tradespeople come here if they knows it, Mr. Figgins, so you had better dry up, or I'll split on you; but I say, old boy, what's the price of soap?"

"Begorra, young man," said the diver, turning fiercely towards Chivey, "ye'd better be keeping yer own company."

"Oh, and it's all the way from ould Ireland you have come to tell me that same, my Lord Pat? Ah, sure now."

And Chivey put his finger to his nose and winked at the Irishman.

"By the holy poker, I'll sarve you as your mother did when you were an ugly baby, if you say another word."

Chivey was silent for a time, but he resolved to play a trick or two with the orphan before the sport was over.

By this time the whole of the seats were occupied, and the people began to signify their desire that the fight should at once commence.

Several of the people in the cheaper parts of the house recognized our hero, and threats were freely uttered; but as the British consul was present, and a British frigate was expected to call at the port in a day or two, they confined themselves to threats, and did not venture upon any act of violence.

Presently there was a great shout of applause, as two officers of the municipality came into the arena, and after saluting the authorities, proceeded to open the large gates on opposite sides of the arena.

"Bravo!" shouted Jack; "the show is going to begin."

"Ain't they fine fellows?" said Harry, as from one of the gates there entered a band of mounted men (picadors), while at the other appeared a number of footmen (matadors and chulos).

"The best show I've seen for a long time," said the waiter. "There'll be some good sport."

Suddenly the shouts of applause were turned into groans and yells of disapprobation, as a very seedy-looking individual entered the arena.

"Who is he?" demanded Jack and Harry in a breath.

"The *verdugo*, the common hangman. A lot o' them vagabonds shouting knows they'll have to pass through his hands some time or other, either to be scragged or branded as galley slaves, so they're takin' it out of him aforehand."

Quite unmoved by the execrations so lavishly heaped on his head, the hangman bowed in a most humble manner before the state box of the authorities, and the key of the torril, or bull pen, was thrown down to him.

He then departed to give admittance to the first bull.

"That is Julian Sanchez, the best picador in the province," said the waiter, pointing to one who urged his horse in front; "he is a bold man."

At that moment the first bull rushed into the arena.

Dazzled by the bright sunlight after being in a dark stable so long, the bull stood hesitating for a minute, but it was only for a minute, and then with head lowered, it dashed at Sanchez.

But the lance of the picador glanced from the shoulder of the bull, which instantly dashed one of its horns into the chest of the horse.

A stream of blood poured from the wound, and the spectators shouted:

"Brava! Well done, bull."

"I say, Harry," said young Jack Harkaway; "I don't think this cruel sport would go down in old England."

"No, Jack, I think not; but look at that noble horse, how he trembles with fear."

As Sanchez drove his spurs into the flanks of the poor wounded animal, it tottered and fell, while the bull rushed across the arena to attack another picador known as El Gato, or the Cat.

This man received his enemy with a powerful thrust of the lance, but so vigorous was the onset of the bull that El Gato was thrown from his horse, the wooden shaft of the lance bending up and rebounding like a steel spring.

Again there were loud shouts of applause.

"This is no child's play," said Jack, as the chulos bounded forward, waving their cloaks to divert the bull's attention from the overthrown picadors.

El Gato's horse was fairly tossed in the air and came down dead, but Sanchez managed to stop the small wound in his animal's chest with some tow, and having dragged him to his feet, again mounted, and watching his opportunity, made a deadly thrust with his lance.

The bull sank down, made a feeble attempt to rise again, and then rolled over in the dust.

Loud applause was bestowed upon Sanchez, who hastily acknowledging the plaudits, rode out of the arena.

"He seems in a hurry to be off," observed Jack.

"That's to keep possession of the horse," replied the waiter. "You see the town finds the steeds, and the picador, if he kills a bull, is allowed to keep the horse—if it has been wounded."

"Well, I would not give much for that horse," observed Jack.

"What d'ye think o' this here fun, governor?" said Chivey, to the orphan. "Beats cock-fighting, don't it?"

And Chivey, passing his arm around the orphan, inserted a large pin in his side.

The orphan jumped up with pain, and looked at a lady sitting next to him, being in doubt where the pin came from.

"Pray address your conversation to your equals and friends," said the orphan, haughtily, turning to Chivey.

"Blest if you ain't a precious sight too lofty," retorted Chivey. "I'll bring you down a peg or two afore I've done with you."

Figgins was just about to retort when the trumpets sounded, and another bull dashed into the ring.

Two picadors were almost instantly overthrown, and one of the chulos only saved his life by vaulting over the barrier, in which the bull's horns made two nasty holes.

"Bravo, toro!" shouted the people.

"Bravo, toro!" shouted the orphan, standing up and clapping his hands.

Chivey saw Mr. Figgins thus excited, and seeing, as he thought, the chance of a good lark, bobbed down under the outstretched legs of the hapless orphan, and endeavored to pitch him over the ring; but Mr. Figgins did not feel disposed to go over among the raging bulls, and caught hold of the first thing he could to save himself, and that happened to be Mr. Chivey's collar.

"Here, I say, let go, you old ass!" exclaimed the tiger.

"Drag me up, you bloodthirsty murderer," shouted the orphan.

"Bravo, Figgins; stick to him," said Jack.

"Like grim death to a deceased African," added Harry.

"Here, somebody come and help me; the old orphan's pulling me over."

Figgins stuck to Chivey, who, being unable to release himself, was dragged over into the arena.

"Another bull—another bull!" shouted the people. "Look out for danger."

The attendant hangman in the pens heard the shouts, and thinking the beast last released had been killed, released another.

"Look out, Figgins," shouted Jack.

The orphan had only just time to scramble to his feet when he found one of the fierce beasts close upon him.

Figgins dodged, and then sped around the

arena at his best pace, Chivey keeping close to him, his hair standing on end with fright.

Both bulls were now in pursuit and rapidly gaining ground.

In a few minutes more they must be trampled down and gored, if help did not arrive.

Suddenly Mr. Figgins bethought him of what he had seen the chulos do, and drawing out a red silk pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, he dropped it over the bull's face, and then dodged aside.

"Bravo, Inglese," shouted the people, as the bull was diverted from his course by the fluttering bit of silk.

Mr. Figgins looked around, and just caught sight of Chivey, as that unfortunate tiger was sent flying up in the air by one of the bulls.

"Good Heaven! he'll be killed," remarked Figgins.

But he had no time to make inquiries on the subject, for his bull having got rid of the handkerchief, returned once more to the charge.

"Help him, some of you," shouted Harry, "or he'll be gored to death."

Jack would—unarmed as he was—have jumped down into the arena, had not his powerful Hibernian friend restrained him.

"Aisy, sorr; it's no use, for what can ye do at all—at all? Shure your friend the orphan must be afther takin' care of his own bones. Begorra, an' he's got some of 'em broke now."

This latter exclamation was caused by the orphan getting a sudden and violent lift, which sent him flying in the air.

"Cowards!" shouted Jack, shaking his fist at the professional bull-fighters who had crowded together in the gateway.

"It's the devil's own luck he has," exclaimed the Irishman. "Lock at him now."

And truly it seemed so.

For the orphan had fallen with his legs astride the bull's back, and seizing the animal by its mane, clung on as tight as could be. He held on firmly.

The bull had never been treated that way before, and rushed around the arena like mad, the Spanish picadors and chulos applauding what they considered the pluck and skill of the Englishman.

"Bravo—bravo!" shouted the people. "Look at the daring rider."

The second bull being in the way, was overthrown by the infuriated beast ridden by the orphan, and applause redoubled, but the British consul at length managed to make the professionals aware of the real state of affairs, and they entered the arena for the purpose of slaying the bull.

A matador, or swordsman, claimed the preference, and armed with a long sword, approached.

The man was either very nervous or he did not know his business, for instead of killing the bull at the first thrust, he made half a dozen blows without inflicting a mortal wound, though he managed to inflict a great deal of terror on the orphan, who thought that each stroke was intended for his own heart.

"Oh! Help—help! Don't let the murderer slay a poor orphan," cried Figgins, still holding on to the mane of the bull as he dashed wildly around the ring.

"Get down and pitch into the man with your fists," exclaimed Jack.

"Take the sword from him and kill the bull yourself," said Harry.

Meanwhile, the people were getting very impatient, calling the man thief, and other opprobrious names, but still applauding the orphan.

Presently, however, the bull fell, and the orphan rolled in the sand, but the luckless matador was ordered off to prison.

"A la carcel!" they shouted.

And he was dragged away to jail.

The orphan, after taking one last look of dismay at the bull, and seeing the coast clear, clambered over the barricade and rejoined his friends, who by this time had almost had enough of it, and were preparing to leave.

"Oh, yes, let's get home."

The orphan willingly acceded to their proposition to adjourn to the hotel.

He had to endure a vast quantity of applause from the people, who still thought he had entered the ring on his own free will to fight the bull.

Jack, although he disliked Chivey, could not refrain from making some inquiries, which brought the intelligence that the tiger, though much bruised, had no bones broke.

And so ended the bull fight.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHIVEY'S PRACTICAL JOKE—WHAT CAME OF IT—
HERBERT MURRAY PAYS HIM OFF—DIAMOND
CUT DIAMOND—THE ARREST.

THE day after the bull fight, Chivey and his master were in the town, the tiger feeling very stiff and sore.

They were conversing together when a Spanish officer approached and gave Chivey a stiff military salute.

The tiger returned it with his own peculiar jerky greeting, the forefinger up to the brim of the hat.

"Senor Harkaway, I believe?" he said, in broken English.

Chivey tipped his master the wink.

"D'ye hear that, sir?" he whispered. "He takes me for Harkaway. Shall I have a lark with him?"

"What for?"

"Just to see if we can't pay out that Harkaway fellow."

The officer still stared and awaited their reply.

"I asked if I had the honor of addressing Senor Harkaway?" he said, looking rather serious.

"Yes—oh, yes," returned Chivey, "I am Senor Harkaway. What is your pleasure, young man?"

The Spanish officer bowed.

"I did not mean you," he said, "but this gentleman," pointing to young Murray.

"Oh, no," said Chivey, "I'm the fellow they call Harkaway, and that young man is my servant—my tiger."

The Spanish officer opened his eyes in wonder.

"Tiger?"

"Yes."

"That is a strange name for a servant," he said.

"We swells all have our tigers," said Chivey, stroking his chin, and looking the greatest toff imaginable.

"You insolent vagabond!" exclaimed his master.

Chivey winked.

"Keep it up, sir, keep it up. We'll have no end of a lark with this Mossos Don Tickletoby. Perhaps he's going to invite us to dinner."

The Spaniard, while they were talking, had walked away into a low building hard by, which was used by the Carlists as a guard-room, and at this juncture he emerged from the doorway, followed by a file of soldiers.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Chivey, "what the doose—"

"Senor Harkaway," said the Spanish officer, drawing his sword with a flourish, "you are my prisoner."

Chivey started back.

"Come, I say, old cove, this—"

"You are my prisoner," repeated the officer.

"Prisoner! What for?" demanded Chivey.

"You are charged with being a spy in the pay of the enemies of Spain, of his majesty the king, and the enemies of the cause of order and religion."

"That's quite enough for your money," said the tiger, with a doleful look, "but you've altogether mistook your party, for I ain't a enemy to nothing or nobody."

"That you'll have to prove," said the officer.

"But, I say, governor, don't go and—"

"Fall in," said the officer, peremptorily.

He waved his sword, and the file of soldiers advanced, closing up before and behind the miserable joker, Chivey.

"Quick march," said the officer.

"It's all a mistake," cried Chivey, in desperation. "I ain't Harkaway at all, I tell you. Harkaway's another party altogether, not anything like so good-looking as me. Oh, captain, do listen to a cove."

The officer was obdurate, and the soldiers, at a sign from him, began to hustle the tiger off toward the barracks.

"Oh, major!" implored Chivey, dolorously.

"Away with him," said the officer, melodramatically.

"Colonel!" ejaculated Chivey, "do listen."

The officer relented a little at this.

He was a sub-lieutenant, and it was not unpleasant to be addressed as colonel.

"Well, sir?"

"I tell you, colonel, I am only a poor cove. I ain't a swell. I ain't Harkaway at all, sir. Oh, no; never, sir, not me. I only said it for a lark. Ask my governor there."

The officer looked from one to the other in doubt.

"How can I believe you?" he said.

"Look at my innocent mug," said Chivey, dolefully; "ask my governor."

"Governor?"

"My master," exclaimed the luckless joker.

"Why, you said he was your servant," said the Carlist.

"No—no; you ask him."

"Well, sir," said the officer, who was getting considerably puzzled between the two of them, "what do you say?"

Herbert Murray owed his impudent tiger a rub for his insolence.

Here was the opportunity for paying it off.

"He spoke the truth at first," said he; "I am his servant."

"I thought as much," said the Carlist officer; "away with him. This prevarication will do you no good, sir."

They marched him off to the door of the guard-room.

Here Chivey grew desperate.

"At least, general," he cried, in despair, "allow me to have my servant with me."

"Insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed his master.

He would have fled, but the officer gave the word, and two of the soldiers brought him back.

"You want him with you?"

"Yes."

"If I go with you, Chivey," said Herbert Murray, between his teeth, "I'll discharge you from this minute."

Chivey was not to be influenced by threats.

"Wants to lock me up," said Chivey to himself. "Perhaps he thinks I know too much for him. Well—well, I'll teach him to try his larks on with me."

* * * * *

They were taken into the guard-room, and formally handed over to the Carlist military authorities.

They were driven rudely into a cell, and there left to reflect upon the unpleasant habit of practical joking.

"Chivey."

"Yes, sir."

"This is a nice thing you have done for us."

"I wasn't my fault," groaned the groom. "You had only to back me up when I told him who we really was."

"You are taken up as a spy, and I suppose that you know what the punishment for that is in war time?"

"Not I."

"That'll put your back against a wall, and six or eight men will fire into you."

Chivey gave a hollow groan on hearing this.

"Oh, Lord—oh, Lord," he cried, "I wish I was back in Whitechapel."

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW DIVER AT THE WRECK—COME AT LAST
—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER—DOWN YOU GO.

MEANWHILE Jack Harkaway junior, all unconscious of the danger which he ran of being imprisoned, was gone with Harry Girdwood to witness the operation of the divers at the spot where the ill-fated *Albatross* had gone down.

They pulled out in a small boat towards the sloop, which was riding at anchor close by the scene of the wreck, and as they got in sight, a sudden gleam of sunshine appeared to strike the waves by the sloop's side.

"What was that?"

"The diver's helmet. He's just gone down."

They pulled sharply out, and soon they were along the sloop.

There was a number of people on board, watching the proceedings with the greatest curiosity.

The mechanical appliances attracted great attention.

The air-pumps, and the men on the platform beside them, whose duty it was to watch for the slightest signal of the venturesome diver, now fathoms deep in the sea.

The rounds of the little ladder lowered from the ship's side to the water, fixed the attention of our two youthful adventurers.

"Look down there, Jack," Harry Girdwood remarked, pointing to the ladder.

"I see."

"The *Albatross* has gone down in twelve fathoms."

"Look! see those air bubbles rising just beyond the ladder."

The huge helmet of the diver appeared; then the body of the adventurous fellow emerged from the water, and he looked up the little ladder.

A horrible amphibious monster it looked, with the huge head and glass goggle eyes, the rude,

ungainly limbs, and the lethal weapons fastened to the leathern girdle he wore around his loins, an ax on one side, and a long-bladed dagger upon the other.

He looked armed to do battle with the marine demons below the waters.

As soon as the diver reached the deck, he was tended by two or more "valets," who removed the lead collar from his shoulders and the metal plates he wore to give his body the necessary weight to make his way through the water.

And when the huge helmet was removed, and the diver's jovial face was seen, it was quite a relief to all.

The diver went below to make his report, and when this was done, Jack questioned him eagerly.

"Did you go down below?" was his first question.

"No, Mr. Harkaway," returned our old friend, the diver: "progress wasn't as easy as you might suppose above here."

"Why's that?"

"The *Albatross* has got jammed between two or three big rocks, and the knocking about that she has received has sent all the rigging and such like all over the deck—in fact," he added, with a grin, "I had to ax my way everywhere."

"Now a word with you, my friend diver," said Jack. "I mean to go down with you next time that you descend."

"Never!"

The diver evidently looked upon it as a very serious job.

"Why not?" said Jack. "I want to go below. You don't seem to care to go and get my locket I spoke of to you."

"I don't like meddling with dead men anywhere," said the diver, "but least of all under the water."

"Why?"

"They have got such a horrible look; they bob about with the motion of the water, and look as if they were living—ugh!"

And the burly diver, who was ready to fight half a dozen Spaniards, shuddered again.

"Well," said young Jack, "I don't care for such sights myself, but I have a purpose in view, so down I go with you."

The diver demurred.

"I should get into trouble for taking you down."

"Taking me down! Come, I like that. Why, you speak as if I was a child. You can't prevent my going if I choose to go. Besides, everything is favorable for the job. Your mate hasn't turned up, you say, and I can go down in his diving-dress."

"Yes."

"Once inside the helmet, I defy anyone to tell whether it is Jack Harkaway or Tim—whatever his name is."

This closed the discussion most effectually.

The diver had nothing further to oppose.

Young Jack found a pretext for remaining on board.

The moment for the experiment approached, and the professional diver passed the time in giving his pupil all the necessary instructions.

One recommendation—a prime one—remained in his mind, happily.

"Four tugs at the air-pipe means: 'Haul me up.' Do you mark?" said the diver; "and when you are twelve fathoms down below the air and light, you are apt to forget nearly everything. Whatever you do, don't forget that—don't forget that, Master Harkaway, as you value your life!"

"Four?"

"Four," repeated the diver, seriously.

"All right," said young Jack; "I'll not forget that."

A little later on, the diver and his mate emerged from their cabin with their helmets on.

"Halloo!" said the captain of the sloop; "I didn't know that your mate had come over."

"Yes, cap'en," said the diver, "here he is at last."

"That's hearty," said the skipper. "Well, the water's as smooth as a millpond—nothing could be better, so lose no time, my lads."

CHAPTER X.

THE HORRORS OF THE DEEP—YOUNG JACK VISITS
THE DEAD MEN BENEATH THE WAVES—A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

IT is no wonder that the captain of the sloop failed to recognize our Jack.

It would have been surprising, indeed, if he had.

Let a person who has never seen a man in div-

ing costume, come upon him for the first time, and it is very sure that he would not have believed it to be anything human.

Jack's limbs, swathed in surplus clothing, were double their usual size, and more ungainly and awkward a fashion than one can conceive.

On his shoulders was a kind of plate made of white metal, edged with copper, into which was screwed a waterproof jerkin, enclosing both front and back.

Besides this, there was a deal of india-rubber about him, and leaden-soled boots, which weighed not less than ten pounds apiece.

Young Jack had heard of divers being attacked by sharks; but as soon as he had looked at himself in the looking-glass through the glazed goggle eyes of his helmet, he could not believe it possible that the boldest fish that ever swam would dare tackle such a formidable-looking monster.

"No—no," said Jack, to himself, "they would shoot away for their lives at the sight of such a horrible-looking thing as this."

Once by the ship's side, the huge and crushing weights of lead were fastened upon his shoulders, and the shock was so sudden, that young Jack was about to kick up a rumpus, when a sort of glass box was fastened over the mouth of the helmet, and screwed tightly on.

He was ceasing to breathe.

This awful sensation Jack never forgot; but, happily, it was but of momentary duration, for the air-pumping apparatus was set to work, and supplied him with the vital fluid.

The signal was given to descend the ladder, and now began the most painful part of the ordeal, for young Jack felt the weight of the garb and accouterments dreadfully; so much so, in fact, that he could scarce move one leg before the other.

In addition to the air pipe, there was a string which was meant to guide the diver towards the ladder, in case he should lose his way under water.

However, Jack, by a strong effort of will, got down the ladder, and after a certain time he missed the action of the air upon his head, and then he knew that he was under water.

What a journey it seemed.

Never did he forget it.

But the longest journey comes to an end, and at length he touched the bottom, where, to his intense relief, he found the other diver awaiting him.

The first remarkable thing was the wondrous power of the water upon him, notwithstanding the enormous weight of his body and accouterments.

He was swayed backwards and forwards, and was forced to hold on to the ladder to keep himself steady.

The diver nodded his helmet gravely, and the effect was most weird and fantastic.

He gave Jack a pat of encouragement and held out his hand, but this was no use, for the amateur diver dare not for awhile let go the ladder.

He saw the seaweed waving fantastically about at his feet, and the fishes swam about him, circling around and around, apparently very much interested in what was going forward, and all seemed wondrous strange.

Suddenly a tap on his shoulder reminded him that he had not come here to make observations upon such matters as these, but for serious business.

He let go the ladder, steadied himself by an effort, and shuffled along until a dark, shapeless object impeded his further progress.

It looked like some dead monster of the deep, ugly and confused in outline, so dire had been the work of wind and wave upon the wreck of what had once been a goodly ship, though not in our experience.

This was all that remained of the *Albatross*.

The two divers groped their way along the vessel until they came to a breach, through which they mounted, the professional diver leading the way with infinite care and pains, for now the most dangerous part of their work had indeed commenced.

The air tubes upon which they depended for life itself, were in great peril of getting twisted in some projecting parts of the wreck, or snapping by a sudden jerk.

A motion of his companion's head showed Jack the way that they had to go to seek the fore-cabin, in which the unhappy mate Mackenzie was to be found.

Now began the most terrible part of the ordeal, for Jack had to perform the rest of his explorations alone.

He groped on, never pausing to think, and

well it was, for he would never have accomplished his self-set task if he had.

He reached the cabin stairs, and then, with infinite pains, he managed to get down, for the action of the sea had already worn away the woodwork in every direction.

Down the stairs he went, groping along, and then—

Oh, Heaven!

There he was.

Mackenzie was in the same position, as nearly as possible, as when Jack had last seen him in life.

Death had overtaken him, apparently, in his drunken stupor.

Jack looked at the dead man.

He had got hold of the handrail with his right, and of a low beam with his left hand, the nearest objects at which he had clutched when young Harkaway had kicked him off in sheer desperation at the last moment.

So life-like, so real it all looked, that young Jack was filled with a ghostly dread as he looked upon the scene.

Nevertheless, his glance rested upon the hand which clutched the beam, for hanging from his fast-clenched fist, he perceived the fragment of a chain.

This was attached to the locket—little Emily's parting gift.

The object of young Jack's perilous adventure.

The grim figure of the Scotch mate bobbed up and down as the amateur driver approached, filled with awesome dread.

Oh, that was a terrible time for the bold boy.

But he had set himself a task, and it must be gone through.

This stern resolution had carried him through many an undertaking, and it should aid him to bring this to a successful issue, come what might.

It wanted all his resolution now, however, let his will be ever so strong.

With closed eyes, Jack stretched forth his hand to grasp Emily's love token.

The first contact with that cold, dead flesh sent a thrill throughout his entire frame, which he never forgot until his dying day.

But he kept to it with desperate resolution.

The dead man's grip was fast on dear little Emily's locket, and he failed to loosen the hand of the corpse.

He felt for the dagger at his girdle.

The thought of using a knife upon a dead body fathoms low beneath the sea was horrible indeed.

But better not be there at all than recoil before anything now.

Emily's last love gift he must regain.

He drew the keen blade across the dead man's fingers.

He clutched the prize and—

Horrors upon horror's head accumulate.

The maimed corpse slowly sank in the water, and its arms clasped Jack's legs around. Fixed and fascinated at the sight, young Jack remained there spellbound.

His senses appeared to have left him, for he knew not how long he had thus remained, when a hand was placed upon his shoulder.

The diver had come in search of him, alarmed at the long delay.

The spell was broken.

Guided by the diver, he groped his way up the cabin stairs and along the deck of the wreck, when the signal was given to haul up.

It was a miracle, indeed, that young Jack ever reached the surface alive.

But fearsome as was the recollection of that voyage on the ocean's bed, he never regretted it.

He had gone through a terrible adventure.

But he had accomplished his purpose.

He had recovered his locket, little Emily's parting love gift.

CHAPTER XI.

AIR AND LIGHT—THE RECOGNITION—"SENOR HARKAWAY, YOU ARE MY PRISONER"—"ON WHAT CHARGE?"—A DESPERATE FIX.

ON reaching the deck of the sloop the helmet was taken off, and then a startled cry burst from several of the bystanders, but the loudest voice was Harry Girdwood's.

"Jack," he cried, "why, what a blessed dance you have led me."

"How?" cried Jack, innocently enough.

"How! Why, you traitor. Why the deuce didn't you tell me about this?"

Young Jack leered at his faithful comrade, and burst out laughing.

"I'll tell you why, old man," he said; "it is because you wouldn't have let me go."

"That's right enough," said Harry Girdwood. "I swear I wouldn't. But what with your duels, your bull fights, and diving, I never know when you are safe. You keep me in a continued ferment, Jack."

"Never mind, old man."

"What is diving like?"

Jack shuddered.

"Dreadful."

"How dreadful?" demanded Harry.

"The sensation of going under is beyond description, and the sights you see below are things likely to haunt your dreams for a long—long while. But ugh! don't let us talk of it. I have got back my locket, and now, Harry, I should like to forget that horrible journey if I could."

They went ashore as soon as they could, and as the boat grounded, they perceived that something unusual was going forward.

The beach was lined with soldiers, in the midst of whom were two persons that they recognized at once.

One of these persons was young Herbert Murray.

The other was Chivey.

Now the excitement of the latter was curious to witness as soon as he saw who were the occupants of the boat.

"There—there!" he exclaimed, in a voice which both Jack and Harry Girdwood heard distinctly, "that is Harkaway—that one there."

Jack was the first to leap ashore, and advancing to the soldiers with all his old boldness, he said:

"Yes, I am Jack Harkaway—and who wants Jack Harkaway?"

"I do."

He turned around as one of the officers advanced from the file of soldiers.

"You want me, senior captain?" said young Jack. "Indeed."

"Yes, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"I have to arrest you."

"On what charge?" exclaimed Harry Girdwood.

"That of being a secret agent of the enemy—in other words, a spy."

"Why, this is madness."

"It is serious earnest, you will find," returned the officer.

"It is impossible to bring such a charge against me."

"Not impossible, for you find the charge is brought. My earnest wish is that you may manage to clear yourself; if not, death will follow. Fall in, please. Left wheel—march."

CHAPTER XII.

JACK IS TRIED—CONDEMNED TO DEATH—HANGING IS THE DOOM OF A SPY—THE CARLISTS' JUSTICE—JACK'S FRIENDS RALLY AROUND—NO GO—THE SIGNAL FROM THE FORTRESS-TOWER—AN OLD NOTION REVIVED.

JACK never quite understood what took place at the examination which he underwent.

A shifty sort of mock trial took place, in which the prisoner was condemned and sentenced to be hanged.

"Well, gentlemen," said young Harkaway, boldly, "you have had it all your own way, and now perhaps I may be allowed to say a word or two to the court."

The president of the court martial, as this peculiar tribunal was styled, bowed his head gravely to Jack.

"Speak," he said, "but be as brief as possible."

"I will," replied Jack; "if you dare to carry out this wretched sentence, you will have to answer for it."

"To whom, pray?"

"England."

They laughed.

"We don't tremble at the power of England."

"Which only shows your thoughtlessness," replied the prisoner, boldly; "for such an outcry would be raised throughout the length and breadth of the land by the murder of an English lad by Carlists that your very cause will be imperilled, and you will be put down, as sure as my name's Jack Harkaway."

The president of the court laughed ironically.

"The lad does not put small value upon himself," he said.

"Why, you see," retorted Jack, boldly, "if I were some obscure poor devil's son, you could

perhaps afford to murder me for chastizing one of your comrades' insolence."

"Hah!"

"Silence."

"He dares insult the court," cried another officer, springing up and looking at Jack.

"Well," said young Jack, "from all appearance that is not a feat requiring any great amount of courage."

"Carramba!"

"There can be no mistake about the motive, whatever the pretext may be. And remember, gentlemen, that in that unfortunate affair I was not the aggressor. Don Gil Perez insulted me first and challenged me after—I struck in self-defense—and much as I may regret the matter, it must be borne in mind that he forced it upon me—that I had no choice but to fight. He fell as I might have fallen but for my own proverbial luck standing by me as usual."

"That has nothing whatever to do with the present charge."

"You have no evidence," said Jack.

"There you are wrong. We have ample evidence, and, moreover, there are some of your fellow countrymen who give most important testimony against you."

"What! Confront me with them, at least," said Jack, desperately.

"The case is fully substantiated without them," was the reply. "The sentence of the court you know. Remove the prisoner."

The soldiers closed up, and laid hands upon young Jack.

"Stop," said he; "before you go to extremities, let me warn you that I am English born, that my government doesn't allow its subjects to be shot with impunity; so beware."

Jack was hurried away to jail.

Harry Girdwood was fortunately at large, and he set to work desperately to get Jack set at liberty, but this was not easily accomplished.

The captain of the *Albatross* went straight to the Carlist generals to make representations respecting the injustice of the sentence, but no less to his surprise than indignation, they turned a deaf ear to him.

In vain did he storm and threaten.

The only notice taken of this was to menace him with sharing young Harkaway's fate.

"Joe Deering, my boy," said the skipper to himself, "that would never do. No; you mustn't get clapped into limbo, or you'll not be able to lend the boy a hand."

He went off with Harry Girdwood to the residence of the British consul, and that excellent official being found at home, immediate steps were taken to secure young Jack's release.

"Jack Harkaway again!" said the consul, with a stare.

"Yes."

"Why, that hot-blooded young countryman of ours is always in hot water, it seems to me. When the *Albatross* fondled and everybody else was taking to the boats, he was down below and had a narrow escape of drowning."

"Well, that can't be said to have got him in hot water, anyhow," suggested Harry Girdwood.

"Well, no," resumed the consul, with a smile. "He must have found it precious cold."

"And damp."

"And damp, as you say, young gentleman—it is one of the attributes of water. Well, no sooner is he out of that job than he gets into a duel, and pinks his man."

"Don Gil Perez is not dead," exclaimed the skipper, anxiously.

"No; only very bad. Well, next he is the cause of killing a prize bull, then frightens us all by going down in a diver's dress, and now he gets himself locked up and—"

"Now," said the skipper, with a long face, "he is condemned to death."

"To death," said the consul. "We live in ticklish times here, and must be prompt. They think no more of taking a man's life than of rolling a cigarette."

"The savages," exclaimed Harry; "these Spaniards are—"

"About as bad as Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, or any other people in time of war."

"Here we are at the Carlists' headquarters," said the skipper.

"I will go in alone," said the consul. "I don't want to begin by exasperating them. They are as proud as Lucifer, and we must go through certain forms, or we may sacrifice our dashing young Harkaway by our imprudence."

They waited in considerable anxiety for the consul's return.

At length he came.

The first glimpse at his countenance was anything but reassuring.

"Well, what's the verdict, sir?" demanded Harry Girdwood, eagerly.

"Mr. Jack Harkaway has been tried as a spy and convicted."

"And his sentence?"

"He is to be hanged."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the skipper; "how awful."

"Nothing can save him."

In what state of mind they walked away, we leave the reader to imagine.

Harry Girdwood was heartbroken.

As they turned around the citadel, skirting the edge of the moat, a shout from above attracted their attention.

Looking up, they saw someone at a narrow grated window waving a hand.

"Is that meant for us?"

"Listen."

The sound came clearer this time, and they made it out:

"A Harkaway—a Harkaway to the rescue."

Harry Girdwood gave a cry of delight.

"It's Jack!"

Jack's war cry served to rally them immediately.

They nodded, waved handkerchiefs, and shouted back to encourage the prisoner.

"Captain Deering," said Harry, "we must get him out of that. Shall I write home to Mr. Harkaway?"

"No," said the consul, "that will not help, and would only frighten the family. We must see what we can do to save the boy."

"We will save him," said Harry.

"Yes," said the consul; "but how. That's the rub."

They stood looking up anxiously at the fortress.

It was a desperate place to think of effecting a rescue from.

A deadly height to descend.

A fearful wall to scale.

Anyone attempting to climb down, would be dashed to pieces beyond the slightest possibility of doubt.

The captain of the *Albatross* gave a shout.

"I've got it," returned the skipper. "Do you remember, Master Girdwood, that yarn you told me about the Harkaways' adventures in New York, when your big monkey Nero did something wonderful at a fire somewhere?"

"Yes—yes," cried Harry Girdwood, excitedly.

"Well, then he's only loafing about here at the hotel, frightening the women, and Mr. What's-his-name, the orphan, or gorging himself on nuts and oranges, till he's losing his graceful figure; let us make the beggar work."

"Bravo for Nero," shouted Harry.

"He'll do it," said the skipper.

"Hurrah for Nero; he only wants putting in the right road to see his master, and he'll reach him. Hurrah—hurrah!"

But now we must return to have a word with the poor prisoner, young Jack Harkaway.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACK IN LIMBO—UNWELCOME NEWS—THE COMMUTATION OF HIS SENTENCE—A SOLDIER'S GRAVE—A QUESTIONABLE HONOR.

"STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor prison bars a cage,"

sighed Jack Harkaway, junior, as he looked about his new residence; "but, with all due deference to the poet, they do contribute to keep up the illusion."

The stone walls of Jack's place of confinement were uncommonly thick.

The bars were both thick and close together, and firmly imbedded in the stone work of the window.

The window itself was a good nine feet from the floor.

As soon as Jack heard the door of the cell fast bolted upon the outside, and the echoes of the jailer's footsteps die away in the distance of the long-paved corridors without, he looked wistfully at the window.

"I shall have a shy at that," he said, half aloud.

Nine feet up.

No hold.

The wall built of solid blocks of stone—not brick, to enable a dreary prisoner to pick out the mortar mayhap, and thus by patience and perseverance secure a hold by which to mount.

Jack went up, however, after hard labor and risk.

Once he got the slightest hold upon the iron bars, he hung on like grim death, raising his whole body up, and getting a good perch on the narrow casement.

What a distance down it was to look.

It made him dizzy.

"I could get those bars out all right enough," he said, testing the fastenings as he spoke. "But how the deuce could I get down there then?"

How, indeed?

"They have left me nothing to escape by," he said to himself; "no bed-clothes."

For the matter of that there was no bed.

Well, here young Jack stuck, perched up like a poor little bird fluttering his wings against the bars of its cage. He saw three persons go past along the edge of the moat below.

"That one is Harry!" he exclaimed; "it is, and that is Captain Deering; but who is the third person? I wonder if they are here upon any business. Oh, they must be; Harry! ho—ho—ho! Ho—ho—ho—ho!"

An answering shout came up to him from below.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jack, "they can see me."

They shouted again and again, and presently a faint semblance of words of encouragement came up to him.

"Wait and watch!"

"I will—I will!" returned young Jack.

"Hope!"

"They said 'hope,' I'm sure," exclaimed the prisoner, excitedly; "rather. 'Never say die,' is the Harkaway motto."

In his excitement Jack did not notice that there was some one in the stone corridor outside his cell door.

It was, in fact, only when the door was swinging open that he heard it, so absorbed was he in the prospect below.

Then with a look of alarm, he dropped from his perch, and in his hurry he came a very hard cropper on the flags.

However, Jack was no milksop; so he scrambled up and rubbed his bruises, just as the newcomer entered.

Jack looked around, and to his surprise discovered that instead of being the military jailer, it was one of the officers who had been a member of the court that had condemned him.

This officer spoke English fairly well.

"Prisoner," said he, "I come to inform you that a modification has been made in your favor, in regard to the sentence pronounced upon you."

Jack bowed. But he said nothing.

"All brag and bounce, these dons," he thought. "I was certain that they would never dare to put a British subject to death."

He was making certain a little too soon.

"You have had the honor of crossing swords with one of us," said the Spaniard, loftily, "and it has therefore been decreed that the act has so far ennobled you, in spite of the disgraceful character you have acquired, and which has caused you to be justly sentenced to die."

Jack bowed again.

"What a precious old wind-bag this fellow is," he said. "What is he driving at, I wonder?"

The news he was to learn would be communicated quite soon enough for Jack.

He need not be impatient to hear it.

"The honorable court that tried you has decided that you shall be spared the humiliation of dying by the hangman's hands."

"I didn't expect to—"

"You are to have a soldier's death—a warrior's grave. At daybreak to-morrow you will be conducted to the ground by a file of soldiers. Don Gil Perez will himself command the firing party."

The officer bowed haughtily, and made his exit, leaving the prisoner dazed—bewildered—stupefied.

"Am I dreaming?"

No; the gloomy walls, the frowning bars above, the dreary prison, were dreadful realities.

It was no dream.

"Do they really mean that they will dare to murder me in the name of justice?" he exclaimed, aloud.

There was small doubt of this.

They would dare anything.

Poor Jack felt precious unhappy now.

"That fellow meant it," he said to himself; "there was a murderous look about his eye. Harry, my boy, you will have to be smart in your movements if you wish to save your old chum Jack."

He thought of home now that he was in a really serious dilemma, and wondered if he should ever see his mother or his Emily any more.

"I wish dad and Uncle Dick were here. Oh, if I could but send to them," he said to himself,

again and again; "they would find some way out of this job for a certainty. But I fear that poor Harry won't carry enough weight to make these thieves and murderers take any particular notice."

He sighed and sang to kill dull care, but his heart was heavy as lead.

"There's a sweet little cherub as sits up aloft
To keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack."

"No—no," my cherub has shifted his moorings,
and scudded away; I'm left to my fate this time.
What will poor old sobersides say? What will
they say at home?"

CHAPTER XIV.

NERO'S MONKEY TRICKS, AND WHAT CAME OF
THEM—THE TALE OF A KNOTTED ROPE—THE
SENTRY'S SHOT—IN THE MOAT—HARRY GIRD-
WOOD'S ESCAPE—CATCHING A TARTAR—
POOR DON!

"THAT sits up aloft."

Happy thought.

He would have another look from his perch in
the grated window.

"It is a tough job getting up," grunted the
prisoner, quaintly, "yet I managed to come down
pretty fast, too."

However, he was up again quick enough.

"I wish it was no further to drop outside than
it is here," said Jack, looking down into the cell;
"I'd be out then like a bird."

"I'm a sweet little cherub, perched here up aloft,
But I can't save the life of poor Jack—

"Halloo!"

What was that?

A strange, squeaking sound, which was almost
familiar to his ear, sent the blood from his
cheeks.

"How strange," he murmured. "How won-
derfully like—"

He peered through the bars as far as he could.
The squeaking noise came again.

And now he caught a glimpse of some huge,
hairy object on the wall a little to the left,
and about twelve or fourteen feet below the win-
dow.

"Nero," gasped the prisoner. "It is—it is
Nero."

Nero it was, too.

Toiling up a wall nearly perpendicular, with
scarcely a hold for his paws—we beg his pardon
—his hands, and helped but slightly in his pro-
gress by the huge iron drain pipe which descend-
ed from the roof to the moat, the faithful Nero
was fighting manfully—it would perhaps be more
appropriate to say monkeyfully—with the diffi-
culties besetting his position.

"Nero."

"Tweek!" responded Nero, quite joyfully.

The sound of his master's voice gave the faith-
ful animal fresh courage and renewed strength.
He toiled onward.

Painfully slow was his progress.

But up he went.

"Brave Nero!" said Jack, coaxingly, "good
Nero! Come along—come along! Hold tight,
good Nero!"

"Ha!"

He shot out his hand and caught Nero by the
paw.

The assistance came in the nick of time.

Nero was getting used up, and at the very
moment he got assistance from his master.

A moment more and he was up, perched on
the casement, holding tight on by the bars.

"My good Nero!" cried Jack, again and again,
quite overjoyed at this meeting with his faithful
dumb follower.

Nero squeaked his responses to his master's
greeting, and looked as happy as you could wish,
and he scratched away merrily at his ribs, in
sheer glee.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Jack; "whatever is
this?"

A satchel fastened to his side by a strap across
his shoulder.

Nero thrust the satchel up to Jack, and eager-
ly opening it, he found first of all the following
note, hurriedly written by Harry Girdwood:

"DEAR JACK:—We are waiting and watching
below. Take the file out of Nero's bag, and get
through the bars quickly. There is a ball of
string in the bag. Make one end secure above,
and lower the other to us where we are hiding in
the moat just underneath. That is why you have
not been able to see us before. We will fasten a
thick knotted rope to the end of your string, and
you can haul it up. Time presses. Keep your
nut cool, and lose no time.

"HARRY."

"God bless you, Harry," cried Jack, fervent-
ly. "What an ungrateful beast I was to doubt
your wit as well as your good will."

He dipped into Nero's satchel, and brought out
the ball of string, a file, and a small vial of oil.

First to lower the string.

The end was made fast to one of the iron bars,
and the ball dropped down.

A few seconds had passed.

Then the string was gently tugged.

It had reached the moat.

"Now for the bars."

They wanted no filing.

Yet the file proved remarkably useful, for
with its pointed end, he contrived to pick away
the cement bed of the bars and loosen them in
their sockets.

Once he had got one of them away bodily, the
rest was easy.

The string was pulled again from below.

Ready!

They had fastened the knotted rope on to it.

So Jack hauled up.

In a very little while he had the rope up and
the top of it fastened securely to the grating of
the window.

"Now, Nero," said the master, "down you go
first."

Nero got out and slid down the rope at a rat-
tling pace.

Then Jack followed suit.

Suddenly from the moat there came a cry of
alarm.

Captain Joe Deering and Harry Girdwood were
hiding, as the latter had said in his note, in the
moat just beneath the spot where Jack's prison
window was situated high up aloft.

And as they watched Jack's progress down the
knotted rope, the skipper saw a soldier appear
on the rampart immediately below the further
bastion.

The soldier stared again at the odd spectacle of
a human figure swaying about in mid air, upon
the frail support of a rope.

Then apparently guessing what it meant, he
brought his rifle up to his shoulder, took deliber-
ate aim, and—

The skipper yelled.

Bang went the rifle, but the soldier was proba-
bly put off his aim by the cry, and the ball
whistled harmlessly by.

"Make haste, Jack!"

"I'm there," responded our hero.

And down he scrambled, and was caught in
the skipper's arm.

Meanwhile there was a devil of a hubbub go-
ing on within the fortress.

Drums beating, a bugle sounding the alarm,
and guns firing.

Jack found them in their very damp hiding-
place, and a hurried council of war was held.

"That sentry has spoiled us," said Deering.
"We shall all be laid by the heels, every mother's
son of us."

"I fear so," said Harry Girdwood, desponding-
ly.

"Wait a bit."

"What shall we do?"

A harsh, grating noise reached them, and gave
them an uncomfortable turn.

"You guess what that is, I suppose?" said the
skipper.

"No."

"Nor I."

"I should say it is the drawbridge being
raised."

"I don't believe they are movable," said Jack.

"They are. Hark! there goes the other one
up."

"Then we are trapped."

"I fear so."

"What's to be done?"

Bugle calls and drum alarms went off just
the same as ever.

Continental of all countries have a great
weakness for military noises—they share with
the dusky aborigines of America and of Africa,
the fancy for letting their warriors kick up as
much of a shindy as possible.

These Carlists distinguished themselves great-
ly, therefore, by the row they made.

Now this place was like many of the old forti-
fied towns upon the continent; it had its citadel
surrounded by a double moat.

Bad luck for our friends this.

Forts and fortified towns have been long ago
proved useless in modern warfare, and moats
only serve to yield up death-dealing miasma, how-
ever advantageous they might have been in the
days when they fought with bows and arrows,
and slings, and catapults, and poured hot lead
and such trifles from the battlements upon be-
seigers below.

But in Spain, you know, they are a century

or two behind the age: Bryant and May have
been worsted in a tough fight with flint and
steel and tinderbox; and moats and drawbridges
still flourish in fortified towns.

Worse luck for Jack Harkaway and his com-
panions.

"What's to be done now?" said Jack.

"Hanged if I know!" said the captain.

"Separate," suggested Harry Girdwood. "We
shall be taken all of a heap if we don't."

"Good!"

"I'm off this way," said Captain Deering.

"And I'm going to the left," said Jack, glid-
ing off as he spoke. "Off you go, Harry."

Harry Girdwood popped up his head.

No one was about.

The coast was clear.

He scrambled up on to the ground above, and
sheltered from observation by some dwarf
shrubs (which had been allowed to grow unmo-
lested, although against the elementary rules of
such kind of fortifications, so long had the works
of the old citadel and its surroundings
fallen into disuse), he gained the second
moat.

Here he dropped gingerly down, and made for
the driest part he could find.

Then up he went on the other side, and star-
ling about him, made a dash for the town.

Now before he had got half a start, there was
a cry raised from a low-roofed house, little more
than a hut, and a man run out in pursuit.

He yelled out something at Harry which he
did not at all understand, nor did he wish to,
and made the pace very hot.

Harry Girdwood looked over his shoulder at
his pursuer.

Only one.

"I'm not going to bolt away from one man,"
he thought. "The dons would never leave off
bragging."

So being artful, he let the man catch him up
without appearing to stop for him, and then
just as the man dropped his hand upon his
shoulder, Harry swung around, and dropped
the Spaniard a stinger on the face.

The fellow saw fireworks, and staggered.

He "carajo'd" and "caramba'd" all over the
place and drew a knife.

But Harry dodged the knife, and dropped in
his British weapons straight from the shoul-
der.

It was all over very quickly, and the Span-
iard, being utterly unused to such unceremoni-
ous treatment, laid down on his back, and bel-
lowed for help.

"Good-morning," said Harry, giving him a
farewell kick upon his seat of honor.

Off he bolted.

This Spaniard ever after vowed that English-
men were worse than savages.

Never in his life had he caught such a Tar-
tar.

It is really very unpleasant to think that he
should have run so hard after what he got from
Harry.

Poor don!

CHAPTER XV.

THE GRAVE—MARTIAL-LAW—NERO'S EXPLOIT,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT—BRITISH TARS TO THE
RESCUE—FLIGHT FROM SPAIN.

WHEN Harry Girdwood got to the hotel, he
met Captain Deering quickly smoking a cigar
upon the threshold.

He stared and rubbed his eyes at this like a
dreamer newly awakened.

"Halloo!"

"I'm glad to see you safe out of that little
job."

"And I you," responded the still puzzled
Harry. "But how the deuce did you manage
to get here so quickly?"

"I sneaked along and then turned my coat in-
side out, pulled my cap well over my head, and
crawled up out of the moat by some unlucky
chance near the guard-house. It gave me a
twinge, I can tell you, when I found myself
serambling up close under the belly of a horse.
On the horse was seated an officer, who was
sniffing all over the shop for me, I suppose, and
there I was just under his sniffer. I saw a chance,
and before Mister Don Officer had time to look
down, I lugged hold of him, pulled him out of
the saddle, pitched him into the ditch, and put
myself in his place."

"Bravo, captain!"

"Wasn't half bad, was it?" said Deering, com-
placently.

"It was immense," exclaimed Harry. "But
how did you get off without being molested?"

"I rode quickly off."

"But the officer—surely he made a rumpus?"

"Well, no," returned the skipper, drily; "he went down head first, and as he fell on nothing particularly soft excepting his head, he lay very quietly just where he dropped, while I dug my heels into the horse's ribs and galloped off."

"Bravo!"

"Well, as soon as I got some distance away I reined in my fiery steed, turned him around, scrambled out of the saddle and sent him flying back riderless towards the fortifications. Then, to provide against accidents, I loafed about here looking as much as possible as though I had been occupied in loafing for the entire day. And I think I may say that, bar accidents, I have established about as neat an *alibi* as any Old Bailey lawyer could wish for."

"Well done. Now I'll just change my togs a bit, and return to you."

Harry soon returned, and then they looked anxiously about; firstly, for poor Jack, and secondly, to see how the passers-by might regard them.

A patrol passed by, going to relieve guard, evidently.

The officer of the watch eyed them keenly, for all the English residents from the wrecked *Albatross* were objects of suspicion.

But the lazy, lazzaroni looks of Captain Deering and his companion quite put them off the scent.

"We are safe enough," said the skipper; "they are evidently quite off the scent."

"They are," said Harry Girdwood; "and I only wish we could say as much for poor Jack."

"He may be safe enough yet," said the skipper.

"I begin to feel uncomfortable about it."

"Wait."

"We must."

"It is very likely that he has had to skulk down in the moat for a very long while, and will only be able to creep out of his hiding-place after dark."

"Let us hope we shall soon see him."

But no such luck.

Before long the Cockney military waiter brought them news.

News which confirmed their worst anticipations about poor young Jack Harkaway.

"He was surrounded in the moat, it seems," said the waiter, "and although he fought like a tiger-cat, according to the soldiers, he was, of course, powerless against a mob of armed men."

"And what is done with him now?" demanded Harry.

"He is taken back to prison, and to-morrow morning at daybreak, if nothing interferes to save him, he will be—"

He paused.

"Be what?" demanded Harry, breathlessly.

"Shot behind the chapel," was the waiter's reply.

Shot!

What a fearful sound that word had.

"Oh, Captain Deering," exclaimed Harry Girdwood, in the greatest distress, "surely there is yet some means of saving my poor, dear Jack. What can be done?"

"There is but one thing now," returned the skipper.

"And that is?"

"Wait till daybreak," said Captain Deering, "and then be there in as strong force as we can muster."

"That's a poor chance."

"I don't know that. The firing party will not be very strong."

"Perhaps twelve."

"Well, and what's twelve Spaniards?" exclaimed the captain, with the true British contempt for foreigners.

"What's twelve Spaniards?" said Harry, drily.

"Why, about a dozen, I suppose."

"Well, with half-a-dozen Englishmen with good stout cudgels," said Captain Deering, "you shall see what'll take place."

Harry Girdwood was inspired by the speaker's confident air, notwithstanding his gloomy forebodings.

"Let us get in and master our forces at once," he said.

"Good."

"I've got to beat up Nat Cringle to begin with."

"He's the sort. Let's get one or two of those tough old tars, and we shall have some real sport with the dons."

"You will find I and the diver will not be far away, sir," said the waiter.

"Glad to hear it," said Harry.

Well, they matured some sort of a plan of ac-

tion, but whether it was good or bad can only be learned by reading further on.

* * * * *

Daybreak.

A dull, drizzling morning, with the sun struggling in vain to peer through the mist.

Behind the chapel, the spot appointed for the tragedy to take place, a grave had been recently dug.

It was situated at the base of a tree, a long, drooping branch of which hung over into the grave itself.

This was where they meant to put young Jack Harkaway out of the world.

This spot was quite deserted now.

Not a sign of a soul in sight.

Surely young Jack's friends were astir.

Unless they were, there would be but small chance for him.

We shall see.

The chapel bell struck five, and then it tolled on a dismal knell as the regular tramp of the military was heard.

Then there appeared two soldiers walking along with their muskets under their arms, the muzzles pointed to the ground.

After them came the prisoner, young Jack, with form erect and a firm step, although the pallor of his cheek showed that he was far from being insensible to the solemnity of the situation.

Beside young Jack walked a priest, crucifix in hand, and exhorting the prisoner, with great earnestness, to die in the good faith.

Jack pretended to listen, but his thoughts were very far from the subject of the holy man's words.

Moreover, he could not understand a single syllable that was spoken, for the priest only spoke Spanish, of which Jack was ignorant.

They took the prisoner up to the edge of the grave, and placed him in position there.

Oh, what sad thoughts passed through the boy's mind at that moment.

Father, mother, Dick Harvey and his wife, little Emily, his sweetheart—all—all came before his mind's eye.

"And shall I die thus?" thought young Jack. "Far away from all I hold dear. Oh, it is horrible!"

And the brave boy's courage for a moment left him.

The soldiers, at an order from the sergeant, grounded their arms and waited.

Waited for what?

For somebody to arrive, apparently.

Presently the prisoner's curiosity—for curiosity he certainly did feel upon the subject—was gratified.

A measured tramp was heard, and four soldiers appeared, bearing a litter, upon which reclined, pale and almost done to death, Jack's wounded adversary, Don Gil Perez.

Jack started, in spite of himself, nor could he repress a slight exclamation of surprise.

It was then true that this vindictive scoundrel had worked his destruction, in revenge for being worsted in the encounter with his gallant boy opponent.

"Halt!" said the wounded officer.

The litter was placed by his orders near the spot where the prisoner stood.

"You have to die," he said, in broken English, and speaking with difficulty, while his eyes glistened with fiend-like viciousness; "to die for venturing to play a villain's part, to die as a spy, although we have been merciful, and not decided to string you up like a dog, which is the fitting punishment for such as you."

Jack turned upon him with a look of ineffable scorn.

"I don't fear death, Don Gil Perez," he said, "for I come of a brave race, and have been taught to face death long ago. But you must not think that you will escape the fruits of your crime. This assassination will cost you and your party dear."

The officer smiled, then, in a sickly, sardonic way.

"You must brag on the brink of the grave," he said.

Jack gave him a defiant look, and snapped his fingers in his face.

"You are a very good witness," he said, "that I can do something as well as brag. Give me a sword, coward, if you dare, and stand before me!"

The wounded man flushed purple at the taunt. He scowled at the defiant Jack and gave the word of command.

"Fall in!"

The soldiers pressed into position.

"Attention! Make ready! Present——"

Jack's heart stood still. An awful moment

was this indeed for luckless Jack, tottering, as it were, upon the threshold of the world to come.

Suddenly there was a scrambling sound in a tree overhanging the grave, and some large object flopped down out of the thickest part of it, plump on to the litter occupied by the wounded officer.

Don Gil Perez was canted out by the shock, and his strange assailant danced around him like a redskin in a fit.

Jack stared again.

Then the impulse to laugh became irresistible. He burst into such a fit of merriment that the soldiers were staggered.

They had met courageous men on the field who took peril lightly.

But seldom had they seen a doomed wretch—a mere boy—laugh in the very teeth of the firing party.

"Go on—Nero," cried Jack, pointing to the grave, "shove him into here—throw him in!"

The gesture accompanying young Jack's words gave him an inkling of his meaning, for Nero made a rush at the officer, and rolled him fairly over into the grave.

At the same moment the firing party were suddenly attacked in the rear. A desperate crack from a heavy stick brought the sergeant to the ground, and a few flourishes of the same formidable cudgel, dexterously landed upon their heads, made two of the soldiers drop their muskets.

"Hurrah! Nat Cringle!" cried the prisoner, joyfully. "I'm in it."

He was, too, in half a crack.

The soldiers were taken completely by surprise, and did not stand half a chance, notwithstanding their weapons and their discipline.

They were all disarmed in the confusion which prevailed.

The only one of them who had managed to keep hold of his musket was attacked in the rear in the most unmanly way by Nero, who tore out his hair.

This one dropped his musket, and fled, roaring lustily for help.

Now, the sergeant, having recovered from the effects of the first surprise, turned to show fight, but Captain Deering covered him with one of the muskets, while Jack disarmed him.

Nat Cringle and two of his mates secured the rest of the firearms, and then they turned to retreat.

"Now for the beach," cried Captain Deering. "Sharp's the word, or the fool that bolted away howling will be back with all the army."

"Off we go."

They divided the spoil—the muskets of the soldiers—fairly between them, so that one should not be unduly encumbered by the weight, and then they made a quick run for it.

But before they had got two or three steps, the disarmed soldiers made a show of pursuing them.

So Harry Girdwood and Nat Cringle turned around to menace them with their own guns.

"Stir a peg, you Spanish brutes, and I blaze away, damme!" said old Nat.

They all fell back before the pair of muskets, and the party got off to the beach.

"Tell us what we are coming here for, Captain Deering?" said Jack.

"To get afloat safe and sound," was the reply; "for this place'll be too hot to hold us, after that job."

A long boat was ready waiting for them, so in they got and shoved off, just as a strong detachment of the military came pelting down to the beach at the *pas gymnastique*.

The soldiers swore and shook their fists after the receding boat; but the Englishmen made but one reply, and this was only by gesture, which goaded the military to fury.

But the crowning insult was offered by Nero.

That valiant monkey sat astern, taking a two-handed sight in addition to putting his tongue out at the soldiers.

"Give it 'em, Nero."

Nero caught a flea to show his appreciation of his master's words of encouragement, and carried on all sorts of antics.

"Look out," exclaimed Nat; "they're going to fire on us."

It looked like it.

They had brought up their muskets to the "present."

Quick as lightning Captain Deering and Harry Girdwood, who had half anticipated this, had their muskets ready to reply to it.

"Two can play at that."

"Bang!" went a couple of shots. One whistled harmlessly over their heads, the other struck the boat just below the water line, and so, being nearly spent by the water, did no damage.

"Take that," cried Captain Deering, and blazed away.

One of the soldiers was seen to stagger and fall.

"Hit him, by jingo!"

Two more shots from the boat threw the soldiers into confusion.

"Soon silenced their batteries," said Nat, grimly.

"Pull hard," said the skipper; "their next move will be to send boats off in pursuit."

"Let them come," said Jack.

"Rather; let us get on board sharp, for I for one have had all the fun that I can wish for out of these murdering thieves."

Boats were launched from the beach—no less than three—and these were quickly filled with armed men.

But the fugitives had a good long start, and moreover, the rowers were old salts, well up to their work; most of them had served in the Royal Navy, and could put the steam on without flurrying themselves at all.

They were soon on board the English vessel waiting for them, where Captain Deering had secured passages for all, and Jack received a hearty welcome from many friends he did not expect to see on board.

But for the lucky accident of this vessel being there, the gallant and audacious rescue of young Jack would have been useless; for the Spaniards were mad over the job.

"Halloo," said the commander of the boat to Deering; "are those boats coming after you?"

"Yes."

"We've weighed anchor. So slope's the word. If we stop any longer, we shall have to sink those boats with a shot from our little deck gun, and that's what I don't want."

They worked the ship smartly enough, the men from the *Albatross* aiding, and they were precious soon a good distance out at sea, scudding along with full sails set, and a favorable wind.

The orphan, the English waiter, and the diver were all eager to shake young Jack by the hand.

Lucky Jack!

CHAPTER XVI.

MASTER AND MAN AGAIN—OSTENTATION, EXPLANATION, RECRIMINATION—HOW CHIVEY SHOWS HIS CARDS—UGLY WORDS PASS—THEY COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING—WHAT CAME OF IT.

As the ship faded away in the distance, bearing Jack Harkaway, junior, and his triumphant colleagues to newer climes and fresh adventures, there was a whole mob of disappointed and defeated men upon the beach.

And among the mob were two English lads, who were as full of disappointment as any of the Spaniards.

One of these English youths was Herbert Murray, the other was his groom, valet, confidant, his *fidus Achates*, and his most dangerous acquaintance, Chivey.

"These are English," said one of the soldiers, when it became apparent to all that the pursuit was a failure; "let us arrest them."

And arrested they would have been but for the lucky accident of one of the soldiers present knowing all about them, and interfering on their behalf.

"They are Englese," said the soldier, "but they have been assisting us against the assassins that have escaped."

And so Murray and Chivey got off.

But they soon got tired of being in this place, "stranded," as Mr. Chivey elegantly expressed it, "for want of the dubs."

The master complained, and the man found the means of satisfying him with money.

Now when Chivey produced the funds, his master never dreamed of asking him how the money was obtained, or where it came from.

But he was destined to learn a very unpleasant truth about this at a most unexpected moment.

"This isn't half a bad place, Chivey," said young Murray, after a great dinner they had just regaled themselves with.

"Not when you've got the tin," said Chivey, "and lots of it."

"Well, we've managed pretty well as far as that's concerned," returned young Murray.

"We?"

"Yes; we," said his master. "Why, you must have been spending some of your own wages that you had saved up."

Chivey turned up his nose.

"Don't talk muck," he said, contemptuously.

"Chivey!"

"Halloo!"

"Learn to know your place better. You pre-

sume upon my good nature, and if you don't reform, why—"

"Well?"

"Why, I shall have to send you about your business."

Chivey put on a serious air.

"Yes. You might send me away," he said. "You might, I will say that, but the question is, should I go?"

Herbert Murray had just been drinking enough to get on his dignity and feel outraged at this.

"Chivey, you'll have to go," said young Murray, sternly; "and the sooner the better."

"With all my heart," responded the groom, quite cheerfully. "Would you like me to change the other check first, perhaps?"

There was something in his manner which made his master turn around at this.

"Do what?"

"Change the other check."

"What check?"

"Why, young Jack Harkaway's check, that you forged."

Murray turned purple, then deadly pale.

Chivey pretended not to notice it.

"Chivey," said his master, after awhile.

"What is it now, my sweet and pleasant?" said the groom, insolently.

"What do you mean by that stupid speech about forging?"

"Well, I don't call that so stupid; it's only the literal truth."

"Don't talk rubbish," said Murray.

"Well," said the tiger, "I ain't what you can call a downright university scholar, but I'd bet a good lump level that you can find it in any dictionary. Forgery—to write another cove's name."

Herbert Murray had been flushed and excited before, but he was suddenly as sober as a judge now.

"That was only a foolish freak, when we were on board ship with Harkaway, Chivey," he said. "You know that, and no one could call such a thing as that forgery."

"I don't know that," returned the tiger, coolly. "It would be transportation all the same if you was nabbed for it."

"Don't be a fool, Chivey," exclaimed Murray.

"Look here now, Murray," exclaimed the tiger, "I'm not going to stand your cheek—do you hear? I ain't going to stand your cheek, so don't you go and try it on."

"Scoundrel!"

"Drop that," said the tiger, wagging his forefinger warningly at his master. "Drop that talk; I ain't a-going to stand it, I tell you. We ain't the friends we was, Murray, and I warn you that if you ain't more respectful, I'm just likely to cut up rusty."

There was no mistaking the meaning of these words, there was no further concealment between them.

When young Murray made an egregious ass of himself, it was solely the result of his silly pride and vanity in showing Chivey how well he could imitate young Jack's handwriting.

"Do you mean to say, Chivey, that you have cashed one of those—"

"Forged checks?"

"Well, yes," said young Murray, gulping it down.

"Of course I did," returned the tiger; "where could we have got the money to live upon else? I watched Harkaway, and found out the place where he got his checks cashed, and I passed the one you forged."

"You are a fool, Chivey."

"Why?"

"Because the utterer of a forged check is just as guilty as the forger."

"Bosh!"

"You make inquiries," said Murray. "It would be for life with you."

Chivey did not like this.

"Don't you go trying to drag me into your mess, if you please: don't you try that on, Murray. You gave me the forged check to get cashed. I am your servant, just bear in mind, poor, ignorant fellow, without no education. All I'd got to do was to go and get the coin for your forgery—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Murray, with an uneasy glance at the door.

"Oh," cried Chivey, raising his voice, "I ain't afraid for anybody to hear me; I'm as h'innercent as an unborn babe, I am. Let all the world know if you like."

Murray winced.

He walked up and down the room thinking the job over, while Chivey, lolling back in an easy chair, surveyed him lazily, through the thick fumes arising from his segar.

"I've got him on the grand hop!" thought the tiger; "he won't try it again in a hurry."

He arose languidly, and tossed the end of his segar into the fire.

"I'm going for a stroll, Murray," he said, pulling up his collar; "I sha'n't be long. By the way, just pull the bell, and order coffee for me."

Murray bit his lips in silence.

"Didn't you hear me, Murray?" said Chivey, louder.

"Yes."

"Then why the deuce don't you ring the bell?"

His master swallowed this, too, and rang.

A servant came, and stood waiting his orders.

"Well, Murray," said the tiger, "why don't you order?"

"Coffee in the garden for one."

"Yes, sir."

"No, for two," said Chivey.

"I don't want any," said his master.

"Oh, yes, you do. Coffee for two," said Chivey. "That'll do."

The servant bowed, and left the room.

"Murray."

"Well."

"Give me a weed. Yours are better than mine."

His master lifted up his arm as if to strike, and then threw his segar case over to his tiger.

"That's rude," said Chivey, stooping to pick it up, "very rude. I'll not stand that sort of thing. There's nothing like coming to an understanding. We shall be better friends for it. A match; do you hear? Thanks. Follow me to the garden, and take your coffee. Make haste; I don't like cold coffee."

And he lounged out.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHIVEY HEARS GOOD NEWS—HIS RESOLVES—HE PUTS ON THE SCREW AGAIN—"RULE OF THUMB"—THE LONELY WALK TO THE GRAVEL PITS—CHIVEY TREADS TOO HARD—THE WORM TURNS AND STINGS HIM—SOMETHING LIKE MURDER.

HERBERT MURRAY heard the retreating footsteps of his servant die away in the distance.

Then he jumped up and paced the room like a wild beast in a cage.

"What an ass—what an idiot I have been," he exclaimed, "to be caught in a trap by such a paltry scoundrel. My father warned me against him again and again—a low, cunning thief. But I must keep down my rage and disgust. I'll show him no mercy when I get my chance, and I shall get it, that I am certain of. The sooner the better—the sooner the better."

He shook his fist at the room door, as if it had been offending him, when there came a knock.

The door opened, and the servant who had answered the bell before appeared there.

"You are to go down to the garden, if you please, to your coffee," he said.

"I'll come."

"Very good, sir."

Herbert Murray clasped his hands in a feverish manner, and hurried off to his room.

Here he locked himself in.

Dropping on his knees before his portmanteau, he routed out a revolver from the bottom of it.

"Loaded in every chamber," he said, as he examined it hastily. "It may be useful. Who can say?"

He concealed it in his pocket, and walked down to the garden, where he found Chivey lounging in one chair, with his feet on another, while he lazily sucked at his segar.

"At last," he said. "You have taken your time to think about coming."

The studied insolence of his manner goaded Murray to fury.

He felt inclined, momentarily, to kick over the traces, and defy his impudent servant.

But Herbert Murray was too great a coward for that.

"Take a seat," said Chivey, slowly dragging his legs off the chair, and pushing it toward Murray, with a lazy, languid air.

Herbert Murray sat down in silence.

"Come—come, Murray," said Chivey, "drink your coffee. I can't stand no sulks."

"Very good," responded his master.

And he drank the coffee as he was bidden.

Chivey's contempt for Herbert Murray increased four-fold from that moment.

"Just order some chartreuse for me," said he, sharply; "do you hear?"

As he raised his voice, Murray lost patience.

He grew rather pale, and turning to his servant, said, in a tone indicative of self-restraint—

"Be careful, Chivey, be careful, I tell you."

"What for?"
 "If you put too much on to me, I may thrash you."
 "You?"
 "Yes. Be more civil."
 "As for thrashing," said Chivey, "I don't know that you could. I don't believe you would ever have enough pluck to try it on, if you thought I would stand up to you. I have stood bullying long enough. I worked this job especially to get you under my thumb. You may as well know it now. You dropped into the trap like a lambkin—well, what now?"
 He broke off because Murray, with an ejaculation of disgust, jumped up and walked out of garden.
 Chivey burst out into a boisterous laugh.
 "But where's he gone to, I wonder?"
 He did not feel quite at ease upon this score, so he got up, and went in search of his master.
 "The gentleman asked the way to the gravel pits," said a man, at the door of the hotel, in reply to Chivey's inquiries.
 What can he want there?" muttered Chivey to himself.
 He would go and see.
 He did not like the idea of Herbert Murray being too far away, so he was just starting off in pursuit, having first inquired his way, when the British consul came up, and stopped him.
 "You are Mr. Murray's servant, I suppose?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "I want him."
 "He's out, sir."
 "When will he be back?"
 "He'll not be long, sir."
 "I must see him as soon as he comes. I have some bad news for him, and wish to break it gently."
 Chivey pricked up his ears at this.
 "Nothing very bad, I hope, sir?"
 "Indeed, it is."
 "I wish you would tell me what it is, sir. I shouldn't like my poor master to know anything very bad too suddenly."
 The consul gave Chivey a sharp glance.
 "Are you discreet?"
 "Of course, sir."
 "Well, then, your master's father is dead!"
 "Dead?"
 "Yes."
 "When? How did you know it, sir?"
 "He went down in the *Harpy* on his way hither to join his son, if we can believe the papers."
 "How dreadful!" exclaimed the tiger, looking inexpressibly shocked; "I'll go and seek the governor, sir."
 "But be careful," said the consul.
 No sooner was Mr. Chivey out of sight and hearing of the consul, than he executed a boisterous double-shuffle to a mirthful accompaniment of his own.
 "The old boss has snuffed it, has he?" he said to himself. "We must be worth coin now—a bag of money. It is more than ever this child's game to keep a tight hand over Herbert. Now for him."
 He made his way with all dispatch to the gravel pits to which he had been directed, and here surely he came upon his master, Herbert Murray.

Orphan Herbert.
 Remorseless young scoundrel that he was, Chivey never thought of this with the least feeling of pity for his master.
 "I must keep my fist on him hard," said Chivey, again and again; "rule of thumb is my motto."
 He walked on hurriedly, for he felt more anxious than ever to come up with Herbert.
 A barren, desolate-looking part was that surrounding the gravel pits, several miles from any signs of a human dwelling.
 "This is the sort o' place," said the tiger to himself, "that I should like to have had that young Jack Harkaway fellow—all alone—no witnesses, and his hands tied. Ah, yes, his hands tied by all means. I never see such knuckles as that beast has got. They're just like iron, and they've got such a beastly low way of finding out a fellow's sore spots. I should like to give him toko; and yet I could almost forgive him when I look back to that awful doing he gave Herbert. What's that? It's him."
 Yes, there was his master sitting upon the ground by the edge of one of the deepest of the gravel pits, peering down into its depths moodily.
 A book lay open at his side, as though he had been reading in this dreary spot.
 Chivey chuckled.
 "He's got a royal hump on him," said the tiger. "Took a dose o' doleful. I hope he won't go and commit susanside. Oh, no," he added, "he ain't got the pluck."
 He approached.
 "Murray," said Chivey, in his coarsest manner.
 Herbert looked up at the sound of his voice.
 "What do you want here, Chivey?" he said.
 "I don't wish to be intruded upon."
 Chivey grinned.
 "Do you hear?" continued Murray.
 "Oh, yes, I hear."
 "Then leave me."
 "Oh, you are a treat, you are, and no error."
 "Do you hear what I said?" replied Herbert.
 "Go away."
 "Come now, I tell you what it is, Murray. I ain't going to have you so cheeky. So come jump."
 Herbert Murray bent his head lower yet.
 Chivey could not see the strange expression of his face, or he would not have pushed matters any further.
 Herbert's face was deathly pale, his lips were bloodless. This young man had been well educated and passed his boyhood among people from whom he had learnt to feel occasionally something like the instincts of a gentleman.
 Evil courses and dissipation had led him into the follies we have seen him commit.
 Chivey, his tiger, was more than anyone responsible for Herbert's lapsing into such evil ways.
 How a youth decently brought up could have fallen into the error of making an associate of such an illiterate, ignorant youth as this Chivey, is not easy to understand.
 "Do you hear me, young fellow?" said Chivey, imperiously.
 Herbert Murray never heeded his words.
 "Come, I say."

And there the tiger made the mistake.
 He ventured so far as to give his master a gentle reminder with the tip of his boot.
 Murray sprang up with a cry like that of a savage beast just wounded, and he fell upon his insolent servant.
 Chivey gave a cry of alarm.
 He would have fallen back.
 But too late.
 Herbert Murray had not voice for words.
 Passion choked him.
 Holding his traitor servant with one hand, he hammered at him with the other, until his strength, and not his will, failed him.
 Then, gathering up his force for a last effort, he seized him with both hands and hurled the unfortunate tiger from him with such desperation that Chivey fell half stunned and bleeding to the ground.
 "Murder!" he cried, faintly, "murder, help!"
 Herbert whipped out a revolver from his breast pocket.
 "It isn't murder yet, devil," he hissed at him, between his fast-set teeth; "but that's coming next."
 "Help!"
 Herbert cocked the revolver.
 "Mercy!" cried Chivey, wildly; "oh, sir, do have mercy."
 His master laughed.
 "Oh, sir, do have mercy on a poor cove. I never did you no harm. I've been a good servant to you, and I will be again."
 "No, you'll not," retorted Herbert Murray, "never again."
 This quiet retort made Chivey quake from top to toe.
 "Mercy," he gasped.
 "Take that," said Murray.
 He thrust out his pistol and pulled the trigger.
 Click. But no report.
 He was wrong when he pronounced it loaded in every chamber.
 One was empty, and this was the very one.
 "Confusion!" he exclaimed, with an oath.
 He cocked it again, while Chivey was up and creeping fearfully backwards, facing his foe.
 Herbert Murray followed him up with outstretched hand.
 Unsuspectingly Chivey was backing on the brink of the deepest gravel pit.
 "Die," said Herbert Murray, thrusting the revolver forward.
 "Ha!"
 The tiger scrambled back.
 A moment more and he was over the precipice, and had fallen backwards down that fearful height.
 A wild, despairing cry he gave as he fell.
 Murray drew near.
 A low hollow groan came up from the bottom of the pit.
 Then all was still.
 Dead!
 "He's gone," said Herbert Murray, turning deathly white. "It is no fault of mine; he brought it on himself. He's dead, and I am free!"
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